MAXIM

JUNE 2009

YOUR VOTE COUNTS!

THE 100 HOTTEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD
P.26

THE SCARIEST MAN IN AMERICA
P.92

LIQUID HAPPINESS
P.62

APOCALYPSE WOW!

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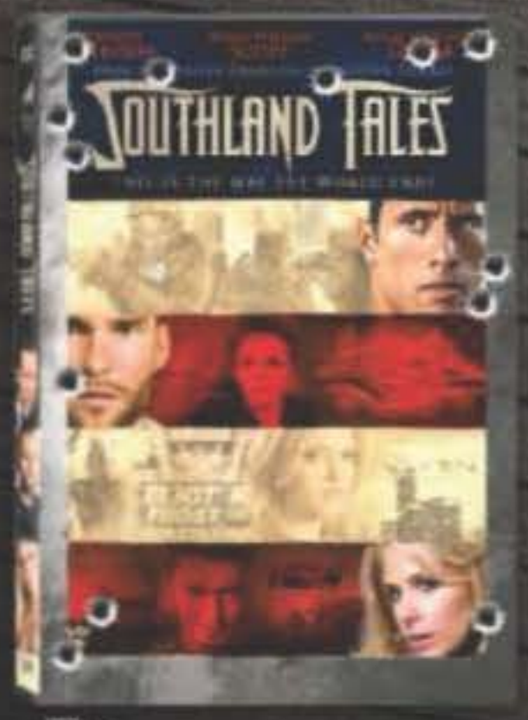

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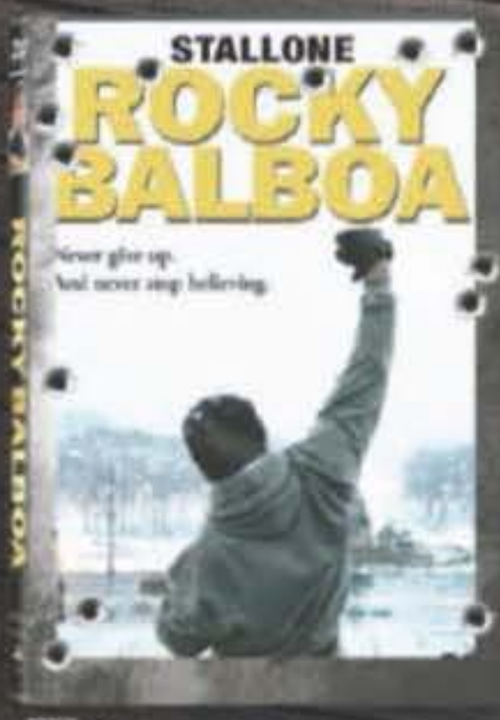

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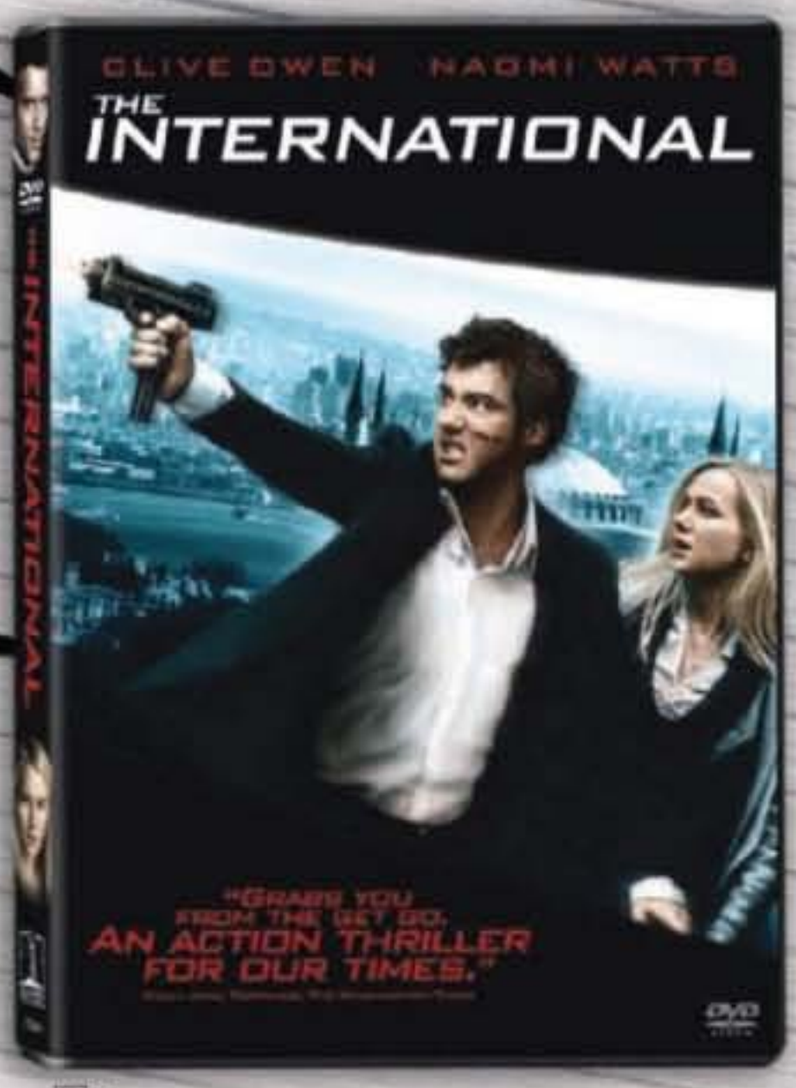

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54 Moon Bloodgood

Terminator Salvation's hell on heels dishes on costar Christian Bale going ballistic and rumbling in Thailand over Ping-Pong!

60 **Icon: Jack Black**
The chubby funnyman stars in the blockbuster *Year One* and opines on ball suckers. We swear! By Neal Pollack

62 **The Drinking Man's Guide to Summer**
Prepare to booze by the pool and get blotto by the beach. We've got the recipe for your sloppy summer.

Slumdog Stunner
Chapati hottie Freida Pinto from the Oscar-winning *Slumdog Millionaire*.

The Maxim 2009 Tech-Tacular
Grab your pocket protectors: The gear of the year, guaranteed to drop jaws and inspire rampant nerd-jealousy, is here.

Fantasy Island
Katie Cassidy—David's kid—is all grown up on *Harper's Island*. By Mike Olson

92 **I Like to Punish People**
Brock Lesnar dominated wrestling. Now the renaissance rumbler is set to demolish the UFC. By Nate Penn

100 **The British Invasion**
Your newest obsession: U.K. cover girl of the year Elle Liberachi. By Jesse Brukman

102 **The Art of the Prank**
Notorious hoaxsters Improv Everywhere are YouTube gods. Meet the peeps behind the pranks. By Spencer Morgan

On the Cover
Photograph, Stephan Würth; styling, Karen Shapiro; fashion consultant, Anne Foley; hair, Jonathan Hanousek using Tresemmé for Exclusive Artists; makeup, Leslie Lopez for the Wall Group.

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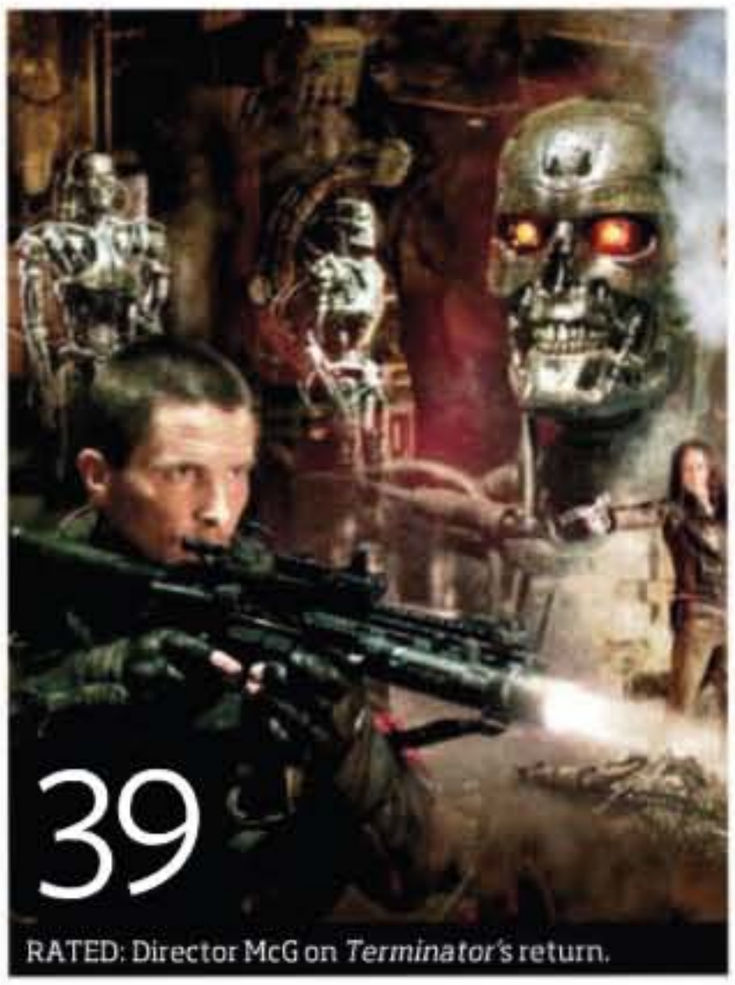
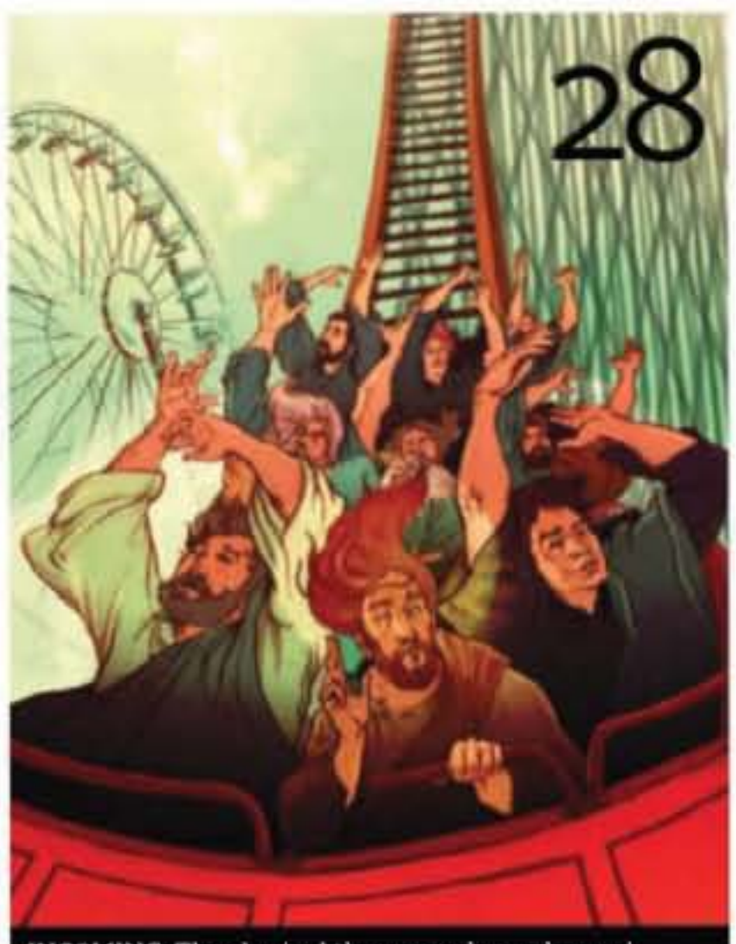
JUNE 2009

INCOMING: Prehistorically pretty Eve Mauro.



RATED: Director McG on *Terminator*'s return.

FASHION: Welcome back, forearms.



INCOMING: Theological theme parks and more!

COLUMNS: See which taboos she's ready to break.

12 **Letters**
Another steaming mailbag filled with your freshest put-downs and praise. Plus, one proud mom gives a Muxim staffer some props, and a note from Russia, with love. No, the opposite of love, derision. That's What it was!

20 **Incoming**
The Muxim editors ran a "biggest loser" contest for two months, and the meaty results are in! Meanwhile, how to become a sausage master, a roller coaster that runs on dog farts, and this year's HoI 100 is here!

39 **Rated**
The final day in the life of Eastbound & Down star Danny McBride, singer-actress Mandy Moore is our Most Wanted girl, the ins and outs of hacking a hotel mini-bar, and breaking down the Ghostbusters video game with Dan Aykroyd.

48 **Columns**
Vegas comedian and magician Penn Jillette samples dozens of delicious (and some not so delicious) breakfast cereals and names America's top 10. And just how freaky is your lady willing to get? Very—trust us!

108 **The Decider**
It's a question we've all asked many times while coated in the sweet musk of failure: How much more of this crap can you take? Decipher your absolute breaking point with this month's maniacal Decider. Just don't hurt us.

Style

Summer's must-see destinations and the best duds for the beach, the street and the wild


sync
berry-cherry
(download of vitamins and antioxidants)
Nutrition
Serving Size 8 fl oz (240 ml)
Servings Per Container 2.5
Amount Per Serving
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why is there no such thing as a free lunch? when are trees gonna step it up and start growing money? and while we're on the subject, when are we gonna start getting free music again? (and by "free" we mean legally) well in response to the sub par performance of trees worldwide and because of, well, laws, we partnered up with myspace music.
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Letters

Make us feel loved—or hated! Drop us a line at **letters@Maxim.com**.

In Malin's world, it's always time to Flashdance.

Time to Open the Male!

Your thoughts on Malin Akerman and the true meaning of *hot*.

Addressing the Issue

I loved April's gorgeous Malin Akerman issue. But is there any way you could start using peel-off address labels so we subscribers can enjoy the full effect of your beautiful covers?

Tim Spencer Quincy, IL

We tried to deliver Maxim by carrier pigeon, but the birds' diseased talons ended up giving entire barbershops pinkeye. Since you had the stones to complain, though, we'll stop locking the coop and sending them to your home to deliver some dirty winged vengeance!

Hot or Not?

First of all, let me offer you props on creating the Hot 100. That being said, can 2009's list be more "whose mind-boggling hotness fries my eyeballs out of my skull" and less "who made more appearances on MTV"? Come on, guys, it's a hotness contest. Let's try to be as superficial as possible.

Brandon Huggins via e-mail

Eye melting was one of the 75 metrics that went into this year's brain-scrambling list. Some others? Total drool generated, appearances in inappropriate office daydreams, and pairs of pajama bottoms ruined.

Suffering Suffragette

In perusing my husband's April issue of *Maxim*, I thought I stumbled across an article with a positive message to send to women ["Happy Women's History Month!"]. But I was appalled to see the sexist fine print that referenced women who increased their breast size and an 85-year-old showgirl as pioneers instead of those (such as Susan B. Anthony) who have truly made a difference in the lives of all women.

Becky Petersen East Haddam, CT

Our roundup of freaky females in the news was in no way meant to be a slap at your fallopian coin-gracing suffragist. But if you don't want your mind blown, leave your hubby's treasured Maxims in the crystal display case where they belong.

Closet Case Closed

In regard to Governor Charlie Crist ["Governors Gone Wild!," April], he does have an immaculate tan, but the Green Iguana is definitely not a gay bar. Ask anyone who lives in or around Tampa; it's a very popular place. Do a little research next time.

Brendan Park Clearwater, FL

After the SWIMbody shot of Devlin the bartender's nipple and an all-clubs sing-along to Cher's "If I Could Turn Back Time," our Green Iguana research was complete (and our pants were spinning on a ceiling fan).

Lost in Translation

I went back to Ukraine last week for the first time since my family moved to America in 1992. I found this backpack at our hosts' place and laughed for about five minutes straight—their child actually wore this to school for years. NO KICK MI sign required for that kid. If you look closely, you'll see also see these misspellings: CHILREN, MICKEY MOSE, and DRIBL. Here's a picture of my little brother wearing the offending item.

Max via e-mail

We attended a Bulgarian seminary back in our youth, and we carried a backpack that read "Ukrainian bears make my salmon swim upstream" and "Squirrel lover" in Russian. We ran still hear the laughs and feel the wedgies. Here's a fabulous prize for your dredging up our painful, shame-filled memories. Thanks, Max!

Iraqi Freedom

People deployed in Iraq count down time by days, weeks, months, or even paychecks. I track it by Maxim—only two more issues until I leave. Keep up the good work.

Jay via e-mail

Thanks, soldier! We encourage you to continue keeping time with us when you come home: five issues until Christmas, nine until your first kid, 13,273 until cousin "June Bug" gets released from prison, etc.

LETTERS FROM OUR MOMS

After reading Maxim's April Sex column ["Sexual Kryptonite"], I think I can explain a couple of your past dating escapades. It's terrific that you've managed to land your first job at such a distinguished magazine. I'm so happy that those years studying literature have finally paid off.

Mom

Our plucky intern Jana Segal's mom is right to be bitter—(C)onsidering that the only requirements for becoming a Maxim employee are a week of Chevron College, a commercial trucker license, and an STD. And that's just the mail room!

LETTER OF THE MONTH

WIN!
Congratulations! Your eagle eye has earned you a pair of Vuzix iWear AV310 3D video glasses worth $250!

MAXIM INSIDER

Get in on these Maxim-approved events and promotions!

MAXIM HOT 100

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THE LIST OF LISTS

The Hot 100, where we don tight-fitting lab coats and scientifically rank the world's baddest beauties, is finally here. Who will be this year's No. 1? Well, go take a look, ya lazy bastard!

Jessica Alba vies for the Hot 100's top spot. Will she take it?

A YEAR IN FUNNY

From Bruno to *I Love You, Man*, we've got the goods on this year's craziest comedies. Click over to Maxim.com to tickle your bones, funny and otherwise!

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

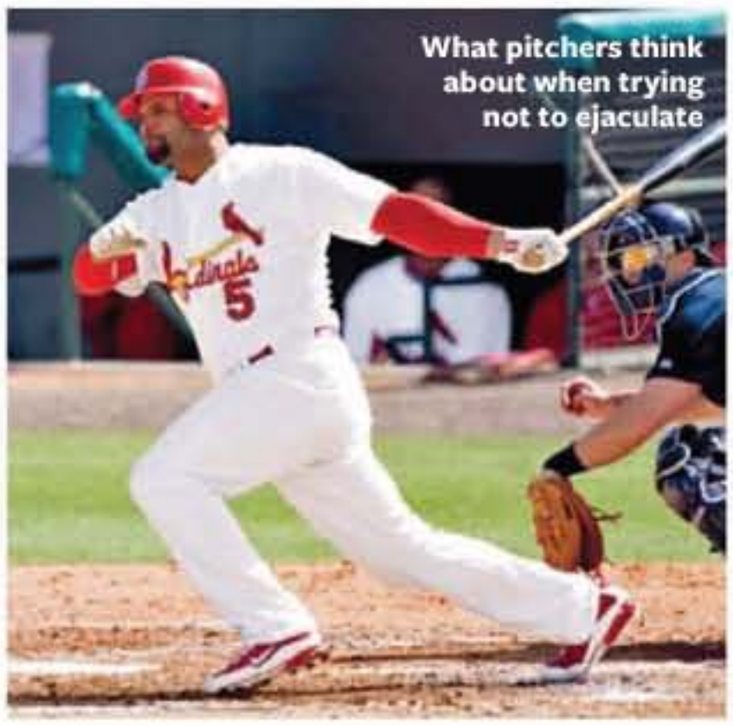
Cast your votes online now for this year's Hometown Hotties semifinalists. The polls close June 1. Don't delay! Damn it, these hotties need you!

THE GIRLS OF SUMMER

Maxim.com's Today's Girl is in full swing this summer with the hottest gals from your favorite flicks, like *Year One*'s Olivia Wilde. See her and other babes so sizzling they'll melt your mouse.

BALLS AND STRIKES

Our yearlong coverage of baseball's latest totally not boring season continues on Circus Maximus. Check for daily updates on your favorite stars, stadium eats, and steroid allegations from the most trusted name in sports, *Maxim*. Ha!



What pitchers think about when trying not to ejaculate

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Jokes

Got a knee-slapper? Send it to **jokes@maxim.com**.

THE $100-WINNING JOKE

An angry boss calls his chronically late employee at home. "You were supposed to be here an hour ago!" he bellows. "Sorry, boss," replies the worker, "but I won't be in today. I have anal glaucoma." "What the hell is that?" "It means I can't see my ass coming to work."

$100 goes to Dan Walz, Hebron, CT

Steam Engine
A banker in the Old West is on a train when he gets the sudden urge to take a dump. He wants to hold it, but realizes he can't.

Being alone in the car, and not wanting to mess himself, he pulls his pants down, sticks his butt out of the window, and proceeds to go number two on the prairie.

Meanwhile, two bandits walking beside the tracks see the train heading toward them.

One bandit nudges the other and says, "You see that chubby guy sticking his head out of the window? Slip him in the face, and I'll grab his cigar!"

Carnival Lust
A guy gets invited back to a woman's apartment after a long night on the town. After a little foreplay, they get down to it.

The guy finishes and notices the girl has a lot of stuffed animals. Feeling supremely confident, he asks, "So how was I?"

The girl calmly replies, "Take something from the bottom shelf."

Numbers Game
Four businessmen are having lunch when the first, an American, brags he has four kids and one more child will give him a basketball team.

The Canadian says that's nothing—one more, he'll have a hockey team.

The Japanese man, not to be outdone, claims he has eight kids and with the next one he'll have a baseball squad.

The Arab businessman looks at them and says, "I have 17 wives. One more and I'll have a golf course."

Q & A's

Q: How do you tell a tough lesbian bar?
A: Even the pool table has no balls.

Q: How do you find a blind man in a nudist colony?
A: It's not hard.

Q: Why doesn't Jesus go into bars?
A: He's afraid to get hammered and hungover.

Q: Why did the bald guy cut holes in his front pockets?
A: So he could still run his fingers through his hair.

Smoking Pole
A man cheating on his not-so-bright girlfriend puts a condom in his wallet.

Going through his pants one day, the dim dame finds it and, unsure what it is, asks her philandering boyfriend.

Thinking quickly, he says, "That is a condom, and it goes over your cigarette so you can smoke in the rain. They sell them at the pharmacy."

Believing him, she goes to the pharmacy and asks for some condoms.

"No problem," says the clerk. "What size would you like?"

She replies, "Just big enough to fit a Camel."

Time Served
A crusty sergeant major is at a party when a lady at the event approaches him and asks, "Is something bothering you?"

"Negative, ma'am," says the sergeant major. "Just serious by nature."

"You know, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but when is the last time you had sex?"

"1955."

"You really need to chill out and have yourself some fun. I mean: no sex since 1955!"

She takes him to a private room, where she proceeds to "relax" him several times.

Once done she says, "Wow, you sure didn't forget much since 1955!"

The sergeant major, glancing at his watch, replies, "I hope not—it's only 21:30 now."

Doctor's Orders
During a man's annual physical, the doctor asks him to drop his pants and put his hands on the examination table.

A few seconds into the rectal exam, the man cries out, "Oh my God!"

The doctor asks him what could be the problem.

The patient replies, "The last doctor I went to did this with both hands on my shoulders."

BEAT THIS CAPTION

TO ENTER

1. So you think this caption blows? Try to outdo its sublime hilarity at Maxim.com/contests. For complete rules, visit Maxim.com.

2. Once we determine whose caption kicked our ass, we'll FedEx you an amazingly cool prize—this DJ console HK 2.

3. Check Maxim.com early and often to see if your funny bone is bigger than ours. And remember, laughing beats crying!

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MY FIRST TIME

Eve Mauro

Having grown up in Florida, this gorgeous gal is no stranger to weird places populated by leather-skinned creatures. No doubt this helped make Eve feel right at home on the set of this month's *Land of the Lost*. So tear your eyes away from the adjacent photograph for a moment and read about some of Eve's most memorable firsts.

First Home Away From Home
I moved out at 16 to attend vocational college. The guys who ran it took an old motel and turned it into this school. An entire floor was filled with 16- and 17-year-old girls. All we did was party...Looking back, I'm not even sure if that was really a school.

First Bum Fight
I ran a red light, and this cop pulled me over. He starts going off on me when all of a sudden these two bums bust out of a gas station and start pounding each other. The cop had to take

care of them and yelled at me to get the hell out of there. I guess if you have a late night and think you might get pulled over, you could always pay a couple of bums to cause a diversion. Maybe keep them in your trunk.

First Vengeance

I'm half Sicilian, half Russian, so you can imagine the fights I've been in. Most of them were with my older sister. But she also had my back. One time this guy was messing with me and she found him in a phone booth and started smashing him in the face with the phone. She's tiny, but don't get on her bad side.

First Dance

I lost my virginity when I was almost 18 years old. All my friends had lost theirs, so I had to keep up my rep. I lost it to a dance instructor. He ended up getting fired shortly thereafter, poor thing.—*Kevin Jordan*

I'm half Sicilian, half Russian, so you can imagine the fights I've been in.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SHAW

PORT PIRATE FESTIVAL The Port Washington, Wisconsin event (June 5–7) has reenactors, authentic buccaneer show, and a ship. Bring a rifle, pick off a pirate, and become a national hero! portpiratefestival.com

Tee Party

What does your hilarious boardwalk novelty T-shirt say about you?

1 10¢ Mustache Rides
Most of all, this shirt says, "I have a mustache." But only 10¢ a ride? Don't sell yourself short. There are girls who would straddle your face for almost twice that!

2 Don't Need a Permit for These Guns
Defines you as pro-NRA and tells the world, "I may be a bicep-pumping meathead, but even I know TWO TICKETS TO THE GUN SHOW shirts are totally played."

3 I've Been Rick Roll'd
Your T-shirt tells onlookers, "I own a computer with Internet access, and I am really fucking annoying." God, we hope that the Gun Permit guy kicks your ass.

4 Chief Poundherhard
Signals that you're a man of contradictions: stoic, yet passionate; respectful of nature's bounty, yet well-prepared to kill some primo panty buffalo. Run it off a cliff, Hiawatha!

5 Drunk? Free Breathalyzer Test. Blow Here!
You are an eternal optimist. One day this trick shirt just might work. But the "free" part is confusing. Do ladies usually pay for Breathalyzing? – *Scott Jacobsen*

LUST ALERT

Ultimate Beach Cruiser

Casual-cool clothing guru James Perse branched out from shirts and pants with this limited-edition bike. We can't think of a snazzier way to lug around your metal detector when you're searching the sands for loose change and tooth fillings. Each cruiser is custom-built with a hand-aged leather seat and grips and extra-wide rims. Just $2,200! *only at James Perse boutiques*

RECESSION PICKUP LINES

"Hey, baby, come here often? If so, do you know if they're hiring?"

"You must be from Tennessee, because you're the only 10 I see. Which reminds me, can I borrow 10 bucks?"

"Do you know CPR? Because you take my breath away...and I no longer have health insurance."
—*Michael Brumm*

BIG IN JAPAN!

SHAME DUMPSTERS
The Land of the Rising Sun has many strange traditions, but few tickle our freaky bone more than *Shiroi Posto*, trash cans made specifically for boys to throw away dirty magazines and DVDs. The Dumpsters were created to stop X-rated litter from piling up in forests and parks. Hey, don't these kids know that discarded porn attracts bears?

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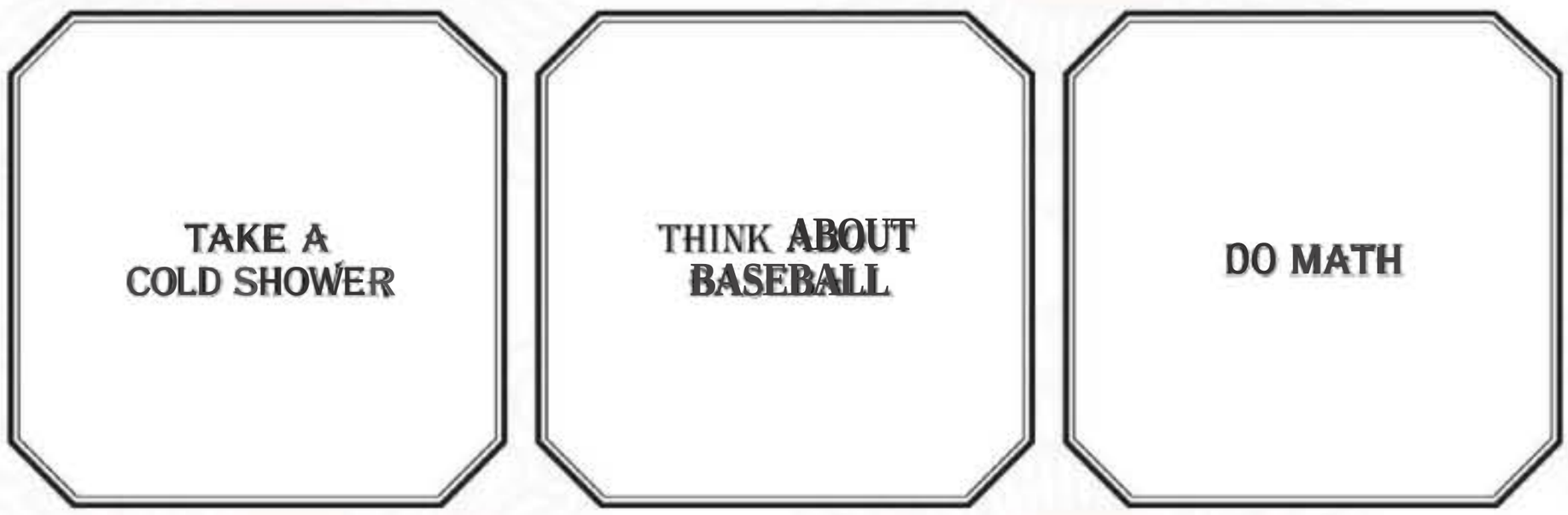

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The Top 10 Revealed!

Scrambled for your pleasure. Look! Drool! Rank!

Ten years ago a man sat down with a pile of photos of the world's most beautiful women, a pair of scissors, some glue, and a dream. Thirty hours and several paper cuts later, that dream became a reality: He'd pasted the pics in ascending order of hotness, and the Hot 100 was born. He then ran 26.2 miles to *Maxim* headquarters, delivered his titillating creation, and dropped dead. We proudly carry on that sexy tradition and present to you the 10 gorgeous greats atop this year's list. But just for fun, we're giving you a shot at ordering them. Go to Maxim.com to let your lady-lovin' tastes be known!

BAR REFAELI
We'd love to do much more than wail at the wall of this Israeli fox. Word of advice, Bar: Dump that DiCaprio chump!

JORDANA BREWSTER
She's the reason *Fast & Furious* zoomed to No. 1 at the box office (apologies to Vin Diesel's pecs).

RIHANNA
Barbados' hottest export is rumored to be working on her fourth album. We're break-dancing in our pants!

ADRIANA LIMA
This Brazilian beauty is a perennial Victoria's Secret Angel. ("Perennial" means "superhot" in Portuguese.)

ELIZA DUSHKU
The *Buffy* alum has a hit all her own as the kick-ass star of *Dollhouse*. You can punch us in the throat anytime, Eliza.

MILA KUNIS
We cannot forget her sexy unveiling in *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*. It's always Mila time!

MALIN AKERMAN
In the world of *Watchmen*, neither crime nor flaccidity stands a chance against Silk Spectre II!

MEGAN FOX
Sports more tats than Lil Wayne; has the power to blow the gaskets of man and robot alike.

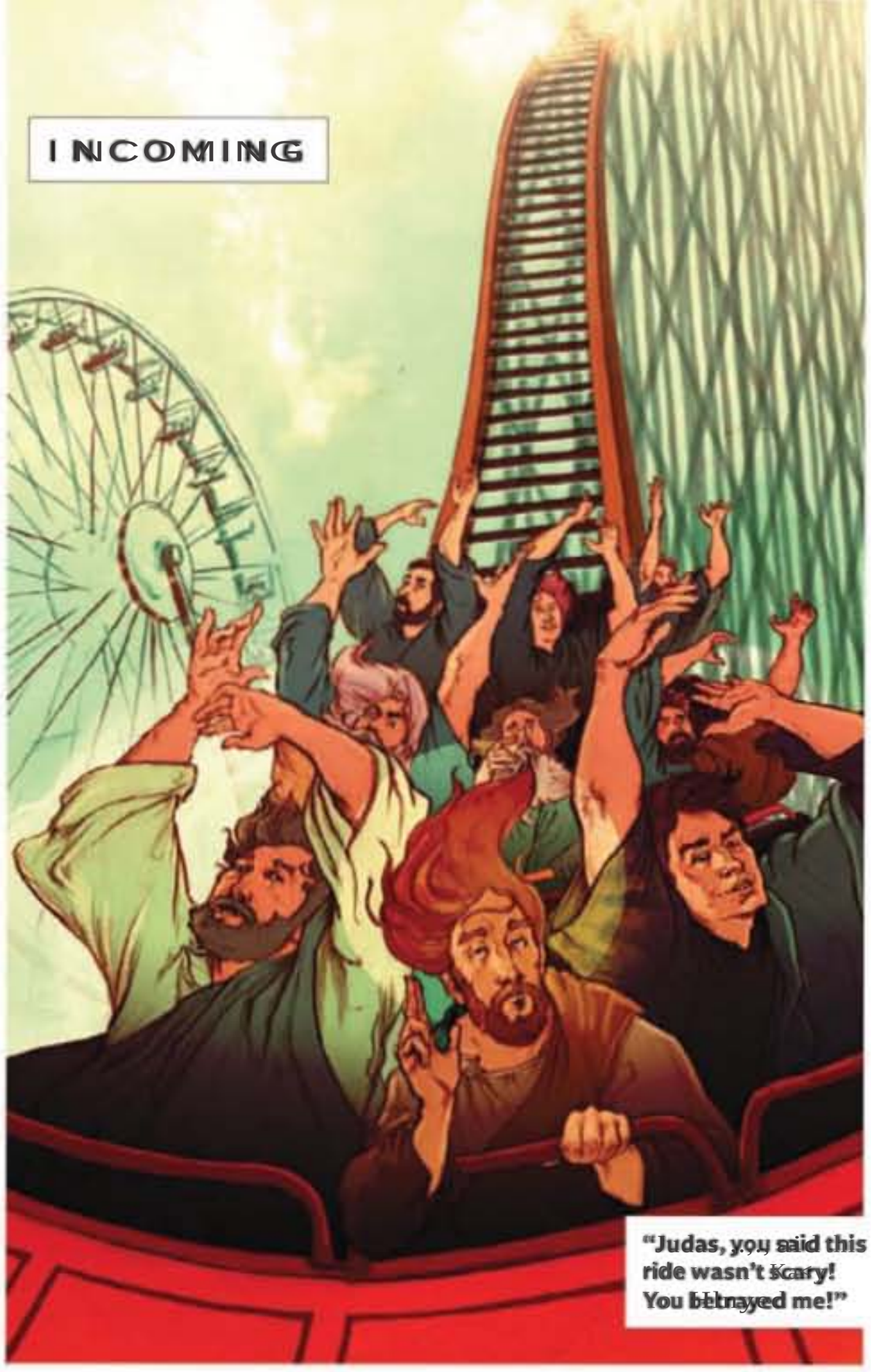
JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT
When people die in horrible accidents, they get to chat with this gorgeous Ghost Whisperer. Lucky bastards!

OLIVIA WILDE
The *House M.D.* mega-cutie is set to knock us back to the Stone Age with her funny-girl turn in *Year One*. Look–a sabertooth!

HOW'S MY SEXY?

Got an opinion on which of these gals is the hottest of the hot? Go to **Maxim.com**, rank the Top 10 yourself, and see how your choices match with other readers' picks. Also, check out the complete list of this year's Hot 100, plus behind-the-scenes Hot 100 party footage and more. Happiness is a click away!

INCOMING



RISE OF THE MACHINES A robot named Adam is believed to be the first machine to independently make a new scientific finding. Scientists say the brainy U.K.-built bot made a discovery on his own about the enzymes found in yeast. We're already bowing down to our new robot overlords!

IT CAME FROM THE INTERNET

Selections from the FAQ section of the Ayatollah Khamenei's official Web site: leader.ir/langs/EN.

Q: If an [impure] person does [ritual squeezing of the penis after peeing] but without urinating, what is the ruling of unknown liquid that comes out?

A: It is ruled to be semen unless he is sure that no trace of semen had remained in the urethra.

Q: While slaughtering chickens with new machines, the name of Allah is not said for each chicken due to fast work. Can we eat them?

A: For each group of them which are slaughtered at the same time after saying bismillah, one bismillah is enough.

Q: Some fluid is discharged on sexual stimulation. Is it pure or impure?

A: It is ruled to be spenn.

Tome Raider

June is jam-packed with books for the beach and beyond. Let's get cracking!

Fast cars, hot women, easy money, monster waves, and sexy manuals round out the racy content of this month's page-turners. We sped through **P.J. O'Rourke**'s *Driving Like Crazy* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $24), a collection of vintage and new essays about his love for the gas guzzler and the crazy things he's done behind the wheel. We'll even forgive the fact that his classic essay "How to Drive Fast on Drugs While Getting Your Wife Wasted and Not Spill Your Drink" was largely fiction. • Goodfellas, Godfathers, and the improbable rise and fall of the Mafia's most dangerous enforcer are the subjects of **Tom Folsom**'s *The Mad Ones: Crazy Joe Gallo and the Revolution at the Edge of the Underworld*. Read it to wake up with a horse head in your bed. • Journalist **A.J. Baime**'s *Go Like Hell* (HMH, $26) is an adrenaline-fueled jump into the pit stops of Le Mans, circa the 1960s, and the fierce battle between eccentrics Henry Ford II and Enzo Ferrari to win the race made famous by Steve McQueen. • Pro surfer **Eric Soderquist** and wave lensman **Chris Burkard** take readers on a scenetastic road trip in *The California Surf Project* (Chronicle Books, $35). • Photographer **Stefan Kay**'s latest homage to nude goddesses, *Women Only* (teNeues, $65), is an erotic coffee-table gawker. Go ahead, call it art if it makes you feel better. • *The Art of Making Money: The Story of a Master Counterfeiter* (Gotham Books, $26), by **Jason Kersten**, couldn't come at a better time. Catch it if you can.

—*Steve Garbarino*

Tilt-A-Whirl With Jesus

Looking for summer fun? Skip the lines at SeaWorld and hit one of these weird-ass amusement parks.

1 The Holy Land Experience, Orlando, Florida

While there aren't any rides at this biblical-themed fun park (how could they resist Noah's Log Flume?), you can explore religious artifacts in the Scriptorium or watch reenactments, like Jesus being crucified. Sweet! Shipwrecks, alchemy, and cake, too. holylandexperience.com

2 Diggerland, Kent, U.K.

Diggerland's site with roller coasters instead of catcalling dudes in denim cutoffs, Diggerland offers 18 different rides, each one adapted from real cranes, diggers, and bulldozers. To increase your enjoyment, we recommend taking lots and lots of cough medicine before operating these machines. diggerland.com

3 Suoi Tien Park, Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam

Get enlightened at this Buddhist-themed amusement park that has both Heaven and Hell rides—complete with animatronics!—plus water slides, roller coasters, and a bumper bike suspended over a crocodile farm. Pray that it's not on your side. suoitienpark.com

4 Dickens World, Kent, U.K.

Mile-high roller coasters and stationary bike suspended over a crocodile farm. Pray that it's not on your side. suoitienpark.com

5 BonBon Land, Holme-Ostrup, Denmark

Based on a Danish candy known for its toilet humor (some delicious boogers, anyone?), BonBon Land takes you on ass-ripping rides and has Dora Land, a kiddie area with Old Dog droppings. Sorry, Uncle Walt, you've been outclassed. bonbonland.dk—*Laura Leu*

#19 IN A SERIES

Bacon Porn

Wham, bam, thank you, lamb!

They're famously gentle, their wool makes wonderful mittens, and if you cure and cook the flesh of their bellies, you'll want to eat it for days. With all due respect to our favorite corkscrew-tailed barnyard buddies, lean, gamy lamb chops just may be the next best thing to actual bacon. Buy it at a gourmet grocery to fry up with eggs, order as part of a hearty entree at one of many adventurous eateries across the U.S., or just rub it on your chest. Any way you slice it, your heart will forever bleat for lamb bacon.

ILLUSTRATION, MARK ALLEN

PROMOTION

MAXIM INSIDER

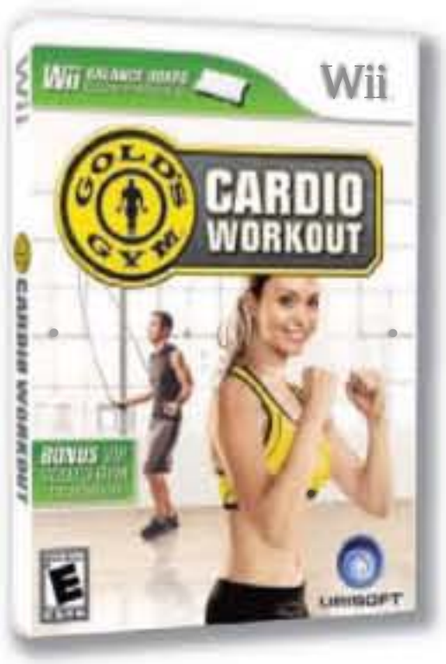
Get in on these Maxim-approved events and promotions!

ROCKAHOLIC

DIRTY SECRET DRY SHAMPOO

This kickass spray absorbs excess oil and odor to keep hair rockin' one more day! Sold only in professional salons.

tigihaircare.com



GOLD'S GYM® CARDIO WORKOUT

Bring your own personal Gold's Gym® trainer into your living room!

goldsgymvideogame.com

Rated EVERYONE with Comic Mischief.

Superstar Vulcanized

adidas Superstars are perhaps the most recognizable shoe silhouettes in sporting history. The all leather upper and famous rubber "shell toe" was released on the courts in 1969 as the first low-top basketball shoe. Now the iconic Superstar look comes in an easy-to-wear vulcanized model.

available at

Foot Locker

footlockerunlocked.com/originals

STREET BRAWL SWEEPSTAKES

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

SWEEPSTAKES IS OFFERED ONLY IN THE 50 UNITED STATES AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA ("US") AND IS OPEN ONLY TO LEGAL RESIDENTS OF THE US, AGE 21 OR OLDER. DO NOT ENTER IF YOU DO NOT MEET THESE REQUIREMENTS.

HOW TO ENTER: To enter the Street Brawl Sweepstakes (the "Sweepstakes"), visit http://www.maxim.com and go to the contests page to reach the official entry form. Then fill in your name, home address, e-mail address, daytime telephone number, and date of birth and hit the SEND button. NO PURCHASE, CONTRIBUTION, OR PAYMENT OF ANY KIND IS NECESSARY TO ENTER OR WIN. Sweepstakes will run from 12:01 a.m. Eastern Time on May 15, 2009 through 11:59 p.m. Eastern Time on June 30, 2009 (the "Sweepstakes Period"). Entrants may submit one (1) entry per week. Duplicate entries will be disregarded. In the event of conflict among persons claiming to be the Entrant, prize will be awarded to the validated owner of the e-mail address. Entries received after the Sweepstakes Period will be discarded and deemed void. Proof of entering information at website is not considered proof of delivery or receipt. All entries become the sole property of Alpha Media Group, Inc. ("AMG" or "Sponsor") and will not be returned or acknowledged. False and/or deceptive entries or accounts shall render entry ineligible. Use of automated entry devices or programs is prohibited. Any attempts to access the site via a bot script or other brute-force attack will result in that IP address becoming ineligible for the entire Sweepstakes.

WINNER SELECTION/ODDS: One (1) Grand Prize Winner will be selected by AMG in a random [illegible] from among all eligible entries legitimately received, on or about July 7, 2009. Odds of winning depend upon the number of eligible entries legitimately received.

ELIGIBILITY: Sweepstakes is open to legal residents of the 50 United States and District of Columbia (the "US"), 21 years of age or older as of the date of entry. The Sweepstakes is void elsewhere and where otherwise taxed, prohibited or restricted. Employees of AMG, Dennis Digital, Inc., General Motors Corporation, Unitas Inc., and GM R'Works (collectively, the "Sweepstakes Entities") and any of their respective parent companies, subsidiaries and affiliates, and members of their immediate families (spouses and siblings, parents and children and their respective spouses) and of their households, whether related or not, are not eligible to enter the Sweepstakes. By entering the Sweepstakes, entrants accept and agree to be bound by these Official Rules and the decisions of AMG, which shall be final, binding and conclusive on all matters.

PRIZES: One (1) Grand Prize: A four (4) day, three (3) night trip for the Winner and one (1) guest to Las Vegas, NV. Trip consists of the following: roundtrip coach air travel (airline to be selected by AMG) from the major U.S. gateway airport closest to the winner's residence; accommodations for three (3) nights (double occupancy) at a hotel to be selected by AMG; two (2) tickets to an MMA fight in Las Vegas with Gina Carano; one (1) pre-fight dinner for Winner and guest; two (2) tickets to a Las Vegas show (to be selected by AMG); one (1) pre-show dinner for Winner and guest; one (1) helicopter tour (departure from/return to Las Vegas) for Winner and guest (date and time of departure to be selected by AMG); two thousand dollars ($2,000.00) in spending money; and an opportunity for Winner and guest to test drive a Pontiac G8 with Gina Carano, subject to Winner and guest possessing a valid driver's license. Approximate total retail value of the Grand Prize is eight thousand seven hundred dollars ($8,700.00); actual value will depend upon the city of departure and time of trip. Grand Prize Winner and guest must travel on the same itinerary. If the major airport closest to the Grand Prize Winner's residence serves the greater Las Vegas metropolitan area, the Grand Prize will not include air transportation and no substitution or compensation will be provided. All taxes on prize and expenses related to acceptance and use of prize not specifically referred to herein shall be the sole responsibility of the Winner, including, but not limited to, meals, beverages, mini-bar, souvenirs, gratuities, insurance, personal services, and incidentals. Winner and guest must be available to travel on any dates and at times selected by AMG pursuant to two (2) days' advance notice. Blackout dates and restrictions may apply. Grand Prize Winner and guest are responsible for all required travel documentation, including photo identification. No substitution, transfer, assignment or cash equivalent of the Grand Prize permitted, except that AMG may substitute the prize or any portion of the prize for one of comparable or greater value for any reason.

NOTIFICATION/TERMS: Winner will be notified by electronic mail and/or express mail. Name of confirmed winner may be posted at http://www.maxim.com and/or in MAXIM Magazine. If the initially selected Winner is ineligible, if AMG is unable to contact the Winner within seventy-two (72) hours after the drawing to notify the winner that he or she has been selected, or if any notification is returned as undeliverable, for any reason, the prize will be forfeited and awarded to an alternate winner selected by random drawing from the remaining eligible entries. Winner will be required to execute and return notarized Affidavits of Eligibility/Release of Liability and Publicity Releases (where permitted) so as to be received by AMG within forty-eight (48) hours of receipt of prize notification. Failure to comply with these requirements will result in forfeiture of the Grand Prize and the award of the Grand Prize to an alternate winner. Winner's guest must meet all eligibility requirements of this Sweepstakes and will be required to complete, sign and return a Liability Release and, except where prohibited, a Publicity Release prior to issuance of travel documents. The return of the Affidavits/Releases of Liability within the allotted time shall be solely the responsibility of the Winner and guest; AMG is not responsible for delays in delivery. Entry constitutes winner's permission to print and/or post the winner's name in MAXIM Magazine and/or on the world wide web, and winner's consent to use his/her name, photograph, and/or voice recordings and likenesses for advertising or publicity purposes, in all media, without additional compensation or permission, except where prohibited by law.

DISCLAIMER; LIMITATION OF LIABILITY: AMG is not responsible or liable for any typographical or other error in the printing of the offer, administration of the Sweepstakes, or in the announcement of the winner; any incorrect or inaccurate entry information, human error, technical malfunction, failures, omission, interruption, deletion, or defect of any telephone network, computer on-line systems, computer equipment, servers, access providers, or software, including any injury or damage to participants' or any other persons' computers relating to or resulting from participation in this Sweepstakes; inability to access the entry website or any pages thereof; theft, tampering, destruction, or unauthorized access to, or alteration of entries; or entry submissions that are processed late or incorrectly or are incomplete, garbled, or lost due to computer or electronic malfunction, hacking or traffic congestion on the Internet or any website or late, lost or misdirected mail or communications of any kind. Sponsor reserves the right, at its sole discretion, to cancel, modify, terminate or suspend the Sweepstakes if for any reason the administration, security, fairness, integrity or proper play of the Sweepstakes is impaired; and in such event notice thereof will be posted at the contest page of www.maxim.com. IN NO EVENT WILL THE SWEEPSTAKES ENTITIES, THEIR RESPECTIVE PARENTS, AFFILIATES, SUBSIDIARIES, WHOLESALERS, RETAILERS, OFFICERS, DIRECTORS, AGENTS, OR EMPLOYEES BE RESPONSIBLE OR LIABLE FOR ANY INDIRECT, INCIDENTAL, EXEMPLARY, EXPECTATION, CONSEQUENTIAL OR PUNITIVE DAMAGES ARISING OUT OF THIS SWEEPSTAKES, ANY ACCEPTANCE, POSSESSION, USE OR MISUSE OF THE PRIZE AWARDED IN CONNECTION WITH THIS SWEEPSTAKES, OR CLAIMS BASED ON PUBLICITY RIGHTS OR INVASION OF PRIVACY.

RELEASE OF LIABILITY: By entering, all entrants agree (a) to release and hold harmless the Sweepstakes Entities and their respective parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, officers, directors, agents, employees and all others associated with the development and execution of this Sweepstakes from any and all liability, claim, cause of action, or any injury arising from this Sweepstakes and/or the award, acceptance, use or misuse of the prize, including liability for personal injury, death, damages, or monetary loss, and including the risks of travel and of attendance at public events; and (b) that Sweepstakes Entities have made no representation, warranty or guaranty, expressed or implied, relating, in whole or in part, to the prize.

DISPUTES; BINDING ARBITRATION: The parties hereby waive their rights to trial by jury in any action or proceeding instituted in connection with these Official Rules and/or this Sweepstakes. Any controversy or claim arising out of or relating to these Official Rules and/or this Sweepstakes shall be settled by binding arbitration in accordance with the commercial arbitration rules of the American Arbitration Association. Any such controversy or claim shall be arbitrated on an individual basis, and shall not be consolidated in any arbitration with any claim or controversy of any other party. The arbitration shall be conducted in Nashville, Tennessee, and judgment on the arbitration award may be entered into any court having jurisdiction thereof. Should there be a conflict between the laws of the State of Tennessee and any other laws, the conflict will be resolved in favor of the laws of the State of Tennessee. Any and all disputes that arise relating to this Sweepstakes must be filed within one (1) year from the date that the winner is announced.

GENERAL INFORMATION: The failure to exercise or enforce any right or provision of these Official Rules shall not constitute a waiver of such right or provision. If any part of these Official Rules is held by a court of competent jurisdiction to be invalid or unenforceable, that part will be enforced to the maximum extent permitted by law, and the remainder of these Official Rules will remain fully in force.

PRIVACY: Any personal information supplied by entrants to Dennis Digital, Inc. and to Alpha Media Group Inc. will be subject to Dennis Digital, Inc.'s and Alpha Media Group Inc.'s privacy policy and terms of service located at www.maxim.com. Additionally, by opting into specific offers from the Sweepstakes Entities, your personal information will be subject to each entity's respective privacy policies and you agree to receive additional e-mail communications from those entities, except if you affirmatively request that you not receive additional e-mail communications.

OFFICIAL RULES; WINNER'S NAME: For a copy of these Official Rules or the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: **Street Brawl Sweepstakes**, c/o Dennis Digital, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 12th Floor, New York, NY 10018 by July 31, 2009. Outside of envelope should state, as applicable, "Winner's List" or "Official Rules."

SWEEPSTAKES SPONSORS AND ADMINISTRATORS: The Sweepstakes Sponsor is Alpha Media Group Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. The Sweepstakes Administrator is Dennis Digital, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.

Maxim's Biggest Loser!

Five editors tortured their tubby torsos to see what really works. Avert your eyes—the shirts are comin' off!

BEFORE

DAN BOVA
Executive Editor

Weight: 159
Squats (65% of weight): 20
Push-ups (in 1 min.): 41

DAVID SWANSON
Features Editor

Weight: 155
Squats (65% of weight): 8
Push-ups (in 1 min.): 40

JESSE BRUKMAN
Assistant Editor

Weight: 219
Squats (65% of weight): 0
Push-ups (in 1 min.): 35

MIKE DAWSON
Senior Associate Editor

Weight: 168
Squats (65% of weight): 24
Push-ups (in 1 min.): 56

PATRICK CARONE
Senior Editor

Weight: 190
Squats (65% of weight): 0
Push-ups (in 1 min.): 13

Meal plan: *Nutrisystem.com*
"Every morning a fresh batch of tasty gourmet meals awaited my mouthhole. Seeing the horrors of what my rivals had to eat, I clearly won the best grub award."

Meal plan: *Nutrisystem.com*
"It arrived at the office in one enormous parcel, which Bova dubbed my 'big box of depression.' I only followed the diet for breakfast and lunch and then had a sensible dinner. It worked."

Meal plan: *Nu-Kitchen.com*
"My daily deliveries of organic meals by the N-K ninja were great—except for the ones that sucked. I stuck with it for the most part, but I couldn't resist the occasional KFC binge."

Meal plan: *eDiets.com*
"Very tasty. But eDiets is wired for women, so I had to eat non-eDiet meals for the calories. This defeats the point of a meal plan. Still, it's great for gals. Or Swanson."

Meal plan: *Nada*
"I figured I'd be better off controlling my own diet than having to eat freeze-dried seitan. This meant lots of sushi, salads, and grilled chicken. It clearly got the job done. I lost the most."

Workout: "I hefted weights twice a week and did cardio twice a week. Did this result in a six-pack? Nope. You know what, abs? Go fuck yourselves."

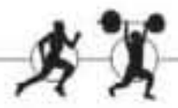
Workout: "I threw up my first day back at the gym. Yep. After that awesomeness, I went daily until I developed a stress fracture in my ankle. Hello, couch!"

Workout: "I did weights four to five days a week and swam. For speed drills, I hunted my neighborhood's fast-footed hobos à la Rocky's chicken-chasing."

Workout: "I did daily no-rest supersets bookended by 'I-want-to-die burpees.' I'd then finish with sprints on the effin' 'shredmill,' bro."

Workout: "I hit the gym three days a week doing what I call 'the 60-year-old woman workout': 45 minutes on the elliptical machine while watching *Oprah*."

End game: "My only regret is not injecting steroids before the push-up contest, like Dawson did. Enjoy the bacne, bro!"



End game: "With exercise out of the picture, my body-sculpting plan was to get a tan. Dude, my sun-kiss is so pretty."

End game: "I should have pulled the trigger on the full Brazilian. I stopped the waxer at the taint. Biggest. Mistake. Ever."

End game: "In a weight-loss contest, there are no losers, except these losers I crushed. Eat it, fatsos!"

End game: "After hours in a locker room, I thought I'd be inured to the sight of hairy man-ass, but, alas, it was not to be."

AFTER

Weight: 148 (lost 11)
Squats: 38
Push-ups: 62

Weight: 144 (lost 11)
Squats, push-ups N/A due to injury, vaginal bleeding

Weight: 209 (lost 10)
Squats: 8
Push-ups: 51

Weight: 156 (lost 12)
Squats: 55
Push-ups: 75

Weight: 174 (lost 16)
Squats: 25
Push-ups: 16

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD SMITH

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT INSTITUTES MANDATORY SUMMER FRIDAYS TO IMPROVE MORALE • YOU STUMBLE ON A BIKINI PHOTO SHOOT • PHOTOGRAPHER HIRES YOU AS "SUNSCREEN ASSISTANT" TO THE MODELS • NEW MIRACLE DIET COMPRISES BURGERS, CHEESE FRIES, DONUTS • EXPOSURE TO SUN'S RAYS PROVEN TO INCREASE MUSCLE MASS • SHARKS AND HUMANS DECLARE TRUCE • YOU INHERIT A CRAB SHACK ON THE BOARDWALK • JELLYFISH ACTUALLY MADE OF GRAPE JELLY • SLOW-MOTION RUNNING FEATURES PROMINENTLY IN PHOTO SHOOT • SCIENTISTS INVENT SAND-REPELLENT BEACH TOWEL • SEAWATER NOW COTTON-CANDY-FLAVORED • TAN LINES ARE ACTUALLY DECLARED ILLEGAL ON ATTRACTIVE WOMEN; SUNBATHING NUDE BECOMES DE RIGUEUR • EATING WATERMELON PREVENTS SUNBURNS • WINTER DECIDES TO GO ON PERMANENT SABBATICAL • INSTEAD OF MESSAGES IN A BOTTLE, BOTTLES OF PEPSI MAX WASH ASHORE • BEACH VOLLEYBALL SCOUT WATCHES YOU PLAY AND ASKS IF YOU WANT TO GO PRO • WOMEN CLAMOR TO FAN YOU WITH PALM FRONDS • SUNGLASSES DECIDE TO STOP LEAVING NERDY TAN LINES • NEW LEGISLATION PROHIBITS EUROPEAN-STYLE SWIMSUITS ON MEN • YOUR COMPANY RELOCATES TO HAWAII • METAL DETECTOR YOU PURCHASED FROM LATE-NIGHT INFOMERCIAL FINDS REAL BURIED TREASURE • UNIVERSAL REMOTE CONTROLS OCEAN TEMPERATURE, CLOUD COVER, STRENGTH OF BREEZE, VOLUME OF SCREAMING CHILDREN • OBNOXIOUS BEACH BEHAVIOR PUNISHABLE BY CONFISCATION OF CULPRIT'S ICE-COLD BEVERAGES • FROZEN TREATS STAY FROZEN ALL DAY LONG • CELLPHONES NO LONGER WORK ON THE BEACH • LOVE HANDLES ARE THE NEW SIX-PACK ABS

GREAT-TASTING, 0 CALORIE COLA

Well, at least Pepsi Max is making one fantasy come true.
The first diet cola for men.

pepsi max

Reminds us of that fourth-grade sleepover at our neighbor's. Man, that got weird!

Sausage Fest

Chris Ely, cofounder of top sausage maker Applegate Farms, gives a tasty lesson in lesser-known links.

WEISSWURST
(Germany)
Main ingredients: Veal, garlic, pepper
How to cook: Grill this white wiener, which is a Bavarian beer hall staple. Serve on potato bun with spicy brown mustard. Tastes best when wearing lederhosen.

BOERWURST
(South Africa/Holland)
Main ingredients: Beef, pork, coriander, vinegar
How to cook: Grill it. Slice it. Mix with fettuccine Alfredo and realize this is the one good thing the Dutch did for South Africa.

SUMMER SAUSAGE
(USA)
Main ingredients: Venison, pepper, mustard seed, dried or smoked
How to cook: Don't, jerk-ass! It's already cooked. Serve cold on crackers with French's yellow mustard.

GRILL SKILLS
Grill sausages 15 minutes on a low gas flame or indirect heat (the grill's less-hot corners, scorch boy). *Never* poke with a fork: It lets juice—which cooks the inside—escape, screams Ely. Hey, Ely, relax man. It's just sausage, for chrissakes.

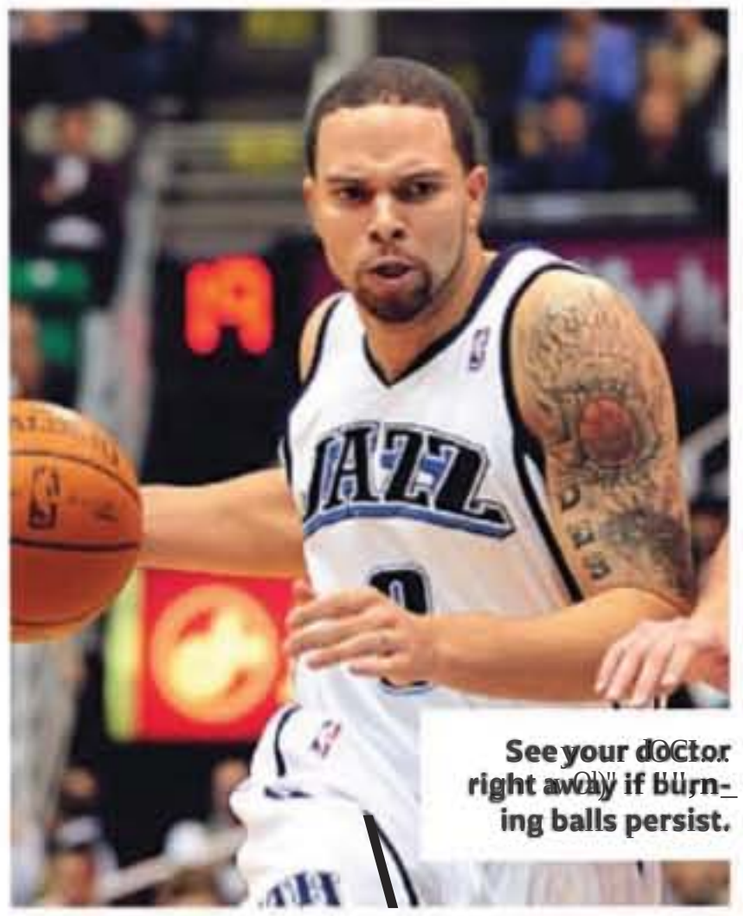
KNOCKWURST
(Germany)
Main ingredients: Veal, pork, garlic, cumin
How to cook: Split these lengthwise and grill. Add to an omelet. Or just bun and Bun into your gullet with grilled onions and sweet mustard.

KIELBASA
(Poland)
Main ingredients: Smoked pork and garlic
How to cook: Brown it. Place in bun. Pile on sauerkraut. Scarf. Do not speak to a woman until you brush your teeth for at least 45 minutes.

SPEAK-ER Comic book lovers will dig these $120 computer speakers for their resemblance to a speech bubble. Lady Gaga lovers will dig imagining she's warbling just to them. Reserve a pair by e-mailing speaker@thinkofthe.com.

PINALLY ON BLU-RAY!

Join us in thanking God that these items are at long last available in high-def glory.



See your doctor right away if burning balls persist.

TRENDSTOPPING

Tat's Just Stupid

Men should not sport tattoos of other men playing basketball.

While watching dudes with pituitary problems jam basketballs in the NBA, you might notice the glut of occupation-inspired ink: basketballs, alien-like creatures playing basketball, the names of dead cousins spelled out in basketballs. What's going on here, guys? Do mechanics get tats of guys operating hydraulic lifts? No. Do proctologists get giant index fingers across their backs? Nuh-uh. Do porn stars have little Viagra pills penned on their palms? No (but that would be kind of awesome). So, pro ballers—Shaq, Bibby, Deron, pay attention here—we're going to give this to you straight while there's no chance you'll grab us by the throat and beat us to within an inch of our lives: Stop the needly nonsense!

"Remember that time I had 30 rebounds!" Yes, we do, because it's splayed on your forehead right next to Moses and a referee's whistle. Look, your body's not a résumé, it is a smashed-backboard delivery system. If you really feel the need to get a regrettable tattoo, it should involve boobies, an eagle with a fish clutched in its talons, or both.

Sure beats the butterfly tat on his other ankle.

BIG PAK COMES CLEAN

Once the UK's dirtiest-mouthed hip-hop artist, Nigel Biggins has gone through quite the transformation lately. After discovering the Orbit® 35-piece Big Pak,™ he now goes by the name of, well, Big Pak and won't even answer to the name Nigel anymore. Suddenly everybody else looks dirty, and there's Big Pak off to the side, the clean mouth in the room sharing those 35 pieces.

What you haven't heard is the cleaned-up backstory from Big Pak himself: How tapes of foul-mouthed standup comedians played on a loop in his nursery; how he took the underground scene in a dirty-mouthed storm; how record companies wouldn't touch that mouth with a ten foot pole. Maxim sat down with him recently for a one-on-one.

"Holey flannel shirt! You don't question the 35."

So where did this all begin?
What? No finger licking hello? I'm not wearing a chicken clucking name tag. Let's tell the world who I am. "Hello, my mother duckling name is Big Pak."

Well, Big Pak, where did it all begin?
Let's not doo-doo up the mother-loaded past, Mr. Magazine. This story is as trucking old as the mickey fickey hills. I had this dirty huggin' mouth on me. And nothing could clean me up 'cept this bigger pack, you know? It's a new flipping way. The 35-piece Big Pak is the only lint licking way Big Pak goes.

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Up your glockenspiel I do.

And this obsession with 35. What is that all about?
Holey flannel shirt! You don't question the 35. It made Big Pak. It is Big Pak. Big Pak is the mickey fickey 35-piece. The Orbit 35-piece is the mickey fickey Big Pak.

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You certainly are an inquisitive son of a boat shoe. But let's cut the shallots and get right down to it. Big Pak writes the mollycoddle songs now. I'll write one right the sock right now.

"What the Helsinki must Big Pak do?
To get it through.
To a fault-line such 'is you.
That the mickey fickey Big Pak is mickey fickey new."

You're flippin' quick.
Hear that? The cleanliness of this ship is contagious. It's a clean mouth thing. If you don't get it, you can kiss my Madagascar. No offense, of course. I just don't want any more bull whip in my life.

So there you have it, the one and only Big Pak.
Keep it clean, britches.

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GAME THAT TALKS TV's Judge Mathis has plans to make a *GTA*-style game with an interesting twist: Characters get sent to prison, where they gain cred, but, he says, "You can also be raped." Fun!

ASK MAXIM ?

Painful erections, embarrassing slap fights, homicidal hairdos, and delicious dog food. Yep, just another glorious day in the *Maxim* dream factory!

Is it safe to eat dog food?

Michael Neilson, Dearborn, MI

Surprisingly, if you chow on some Alpo once in a while, you'll be just fine. "Dog food is rich in nutrients, so it's like having a multivitamin in your food source," says Joseph Wakshlag, assistant professor of clinical nutrition at Cornell University. But because dogs require more minerals than humans do, not just your breath will suffer long-term. The average man would need about five to seven cups of fatty, mineral-rich dog food a day, which could cause liver damage and obesity. Eating only poodle grub would also lead to vitamin C deficiency and the pirate scourge known as scurvy. If your breath doesn't scare off all of womankind, your peg leg and angry parrot will.

Who's the most successful convicted murderer alive today?

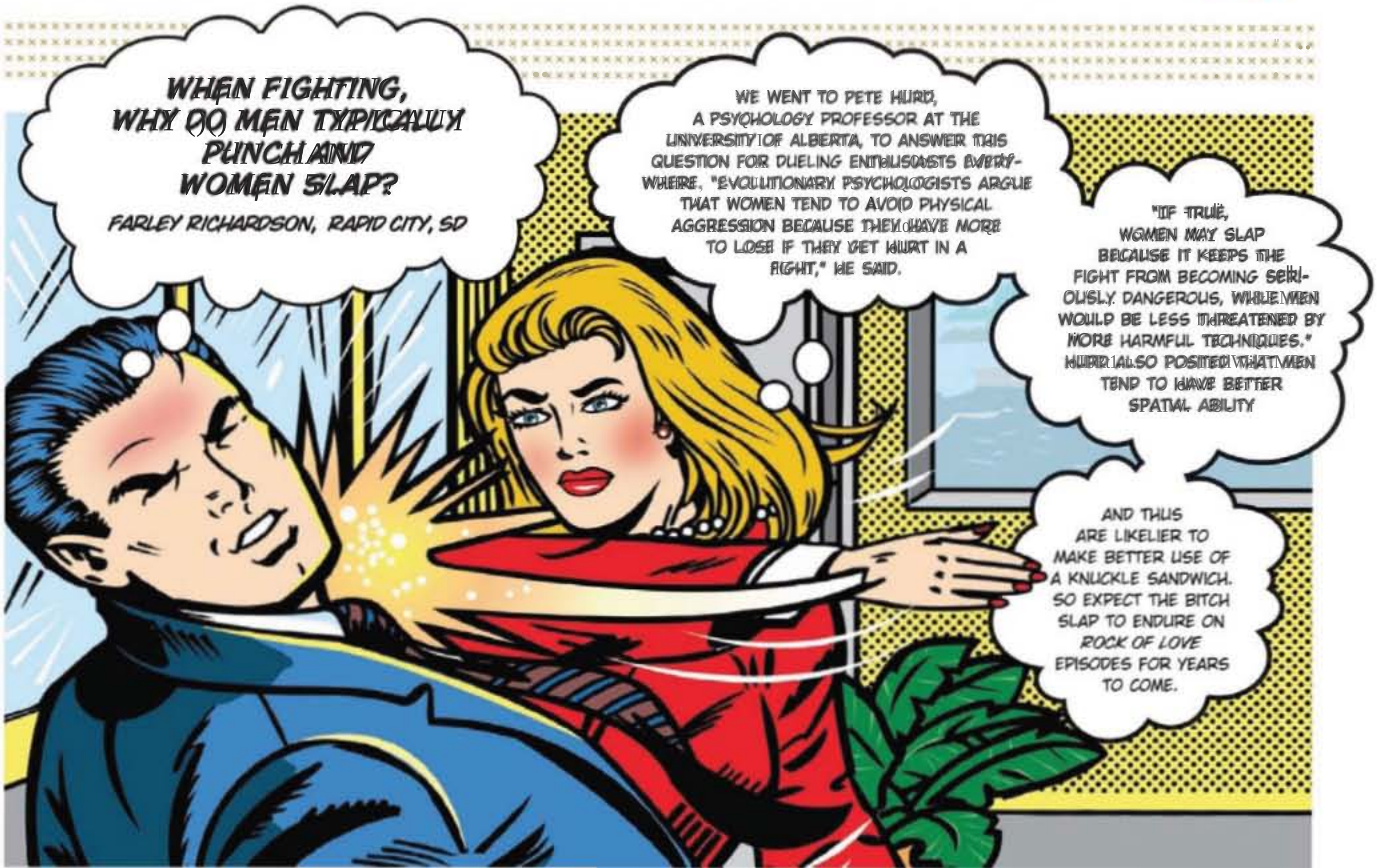
Sean Dombal, Biloxi, MS

When Don King got out of jail in 1971, the 39-year-old hood had fatally shot a man for trying to rob one of his gambling houses (it was ruled self-defense and a justifiable homicide) and stomped another to death over a $600 debt, for which he was convicted of manslaughter and served close to four years. By 1974 he was promoting Foreman and Ali's "Rumble in the Jungle," and in 1975 he hyped the "Thrilla in Manila," Ali-Frazier III. He has dominated boxing since and earned frightening sums in the process. Only Don knows his exact worth, but in 2006 *Forbes* estimated his net at about $350 million. Note to self: Go on kill-crazy rampage and get weird hairdo, stat!

If you have an erection lasting longer than four hours," what can really happen to you?

Laurence Boss, Vicksburg, MS

Four hours of full-on boner jams is cause for alarm, indeed. Docs call it priapism, and it can be caused by a blood disease, Viagra, or even a black widow spider bite. Dr. Elizabeth Hoose of the Urology Team in Austin, Texas, explains, "Besides being painful, erections lasting [fill in your number] hours can damage erectile tissues in the penis." Hoose goes on to say that blood and fluid buildup from trapped red blood cells can cause lasting scarring. What's more, adds Dr. Donald Renshaw, director of the Loyola University Health System Sex Clinic, priapism can lead to gangrene of your dick—or, as we like to call it, "wangrene." Man, that's a real ways to go.



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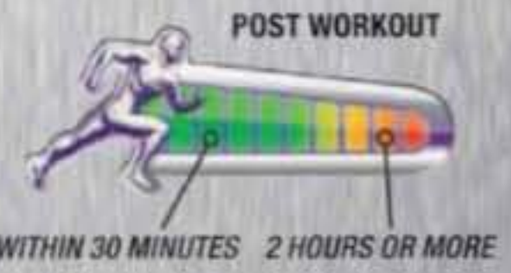

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Sweet Salvation

A new director tackles the *Terminator* franchise with much respect...and even more sick explosions.

By the end of the last *Terminator* flick, *Rise of the Machines*, Earth is left nuked to oblivion thanks to the evil AI system Skynet. A less than heroic John Connor, played by the scrawny Nick Stahl, is chilling in a bunker with a bum ankle. Lame. Cut to 2018 and the character is now well on his way to the badass Connor we briefly saw in *Terminator 2*—the leader of the human resistance and an all-around deadly SOB. Who better to fill the role of mankind's savior than curse-crazy Christian Bale? "I felt like we needed to get the series back on track, so I grounded it in Christian," says McG, the director behind the *Charlie's Angels* movies and the latest in this saga, *Terminator Salvation*. "We needed the most credible actor of his generation."

Not just a sequel, *Salvation* hopes to kick off a new franchise. "It's a new series," explains McG, "like what Christopher Nolan aspired to do with *Batman Begins* or the relaunching of Bond with Daniel Craig." The plot centers on John Connor as he works his way through the ranks, not yet in full command of the human forces. A mysterious Marcus Wright (Sam Worthington) shows up with a human background and a partly mechanized body, and Connor must entrust him with the safety of his father-to-be, Kyle Reese (Anton Yelchin), so Kyle can eventually go back to the time of the original *Terminator* to sire John. Got it?

Nervous Arnold Schwarzenegger aficionados and skeptical sci-fi fanboys can relax with McG behind the camera; he's aware of his pedigree: "Nobody was excited about my directing a *Terminator* sequel. People were like, 'What? You mean that *Charlie's Angels* guy? Fuck him!'" But the always excited director promises to stay faithful to James Cameron's classics. "The first *Terminator* scared the shit out of me," he says. "And after watching the second one, I knew what I wanted to do with my life."—*Jesse Brukman*

Terminator Salvation hits theaters May 21.

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC HEINTZ

RATED FILM

Anyone got a Listerine strip?

Hell Ride

Sam Raimi returns to his roots with *Drag Me to Hell*.

"My mother always claimed she was part gypsy and that gypsies could curse you with an 'evil eye,'" says Sam Raimi, director of the cult-classic *Evil Dead* series as well as the blockbuster Spider-Man trilogy. "So I wondered, What if somebody really *did* have that power?" That thought became *Drag Me to Hell*, the tale of a bank employee (Alison Lohman) forced to foreclose on the house of an old lady who—unluckily for her—turns out to be a vengeful, curse-filled gypsy. Helming a low-budget horror flick after directing the supersize Spider-Man movies was a happy return to form for Raimi. "It was very refreshing," he explains. "It forced everyone to rely on good old-fashioned creativity." As for how Lohman dealt with spending an entire film shoot being tortured, color Raimi impressed. "I would've been more cautious if someone had told me they were going to bury me in 300 pounds of mud, but she just did it. She's a real trouper."

STEPHEN COLBERT'S TEK JANSEN Is *The Colbert Report* not laser-gun zappy enough for you? Then pick up this hardcover collection of the comic based on Colbert's spandex-clad sci-fi hero version of himself, which includes the Harvey Award–nominated "Invasion of the Optiklons." Excelsior! $25

At the Helms

The Hangover's Ed Helms reflects on the morning after.

On playing a back-bone-less boyfriend:
"The movie is about a bunch of guys who go to Vegas for a bachelor party. My character is completely dominated by his awful girlfriend. To make her really horrible, the director, Todd Phillips, had a brilliant idea on set one day. In a scene when I tell the guys I'm going to propose to her, my costar Bradley Cooper tells me, 'Dude, she beats you!' I say, 'It was only twice, and I was way out of line.' Todd made it up on the spot. It did the trick."

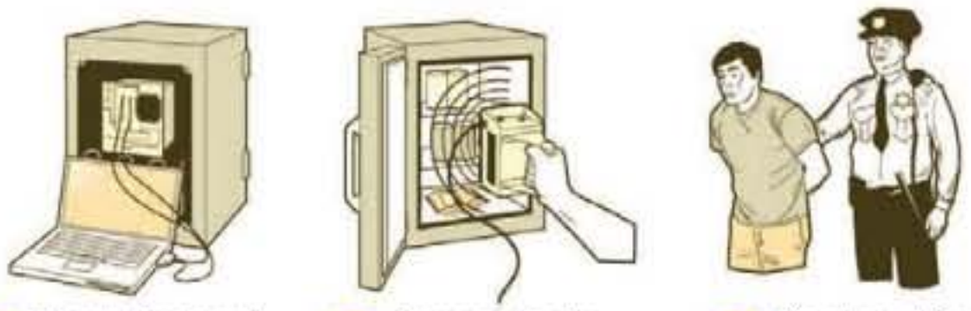
On working with Iron Mike Tyson:
"He did a singing-a-Phil-Collins-tune cameo and nailed it. He was more prepared than any of us. Other actors would've needed 10 takes. Mike was 'One Take' Tyson. He put us all to shame."

On his worst real-life hangover:
"In college I once threw up so hard that capillaries burst on my face. I thought I caught leprosy from drinking too much."

The Hangover hits theaters everywhere June 5.

HOW TO:

Hack a Vegas Minibar



1. Disarm the infared sensors by scrambling the fridge's computer using the Collatz formula: $n(i+1) = n(i)/2$, $3n(i)+1$.
2. Demagnetize the weighted shelves with a Neutrolator. Now you can safely gorge on free gin and Cheetos!
3. Check out. After a day, you'll likely be charged for the feast and arrested for fraud. See you in county!

The Checkup

Sorting through the cinematic heap.

	Features tough guys up against the ropes	Totally boring job in real life	Has a way-too-long name	Gets a Superbad injection	Gets a Scientology injection	Travoltas, Tysons, and giant Abe Lincolns!	OUR TAKE
Tyson This doc about the face-tatted fighter features in-depth interviews with the man himself. Watch your ears!	✓					✓	This brutally honest flick doesn't pull any punches (zing!) and just might make you look at the embattled pugilist in a whole new light.
The Taking of Pelham 123 N.Y.C. train dispatcher Denzel Washington must negotiate for the lives of hostages held by a goateed John Travolta.	✓	✓			✓	✓	Based on the 70s classic, the Tony Scott–helmed remake just might rock. And who knew Denzel could inhabit a role originated by Walter Matthau?
Night at the Museum: Battle of the Smithsonian Ben Stiller takes his night watchman post on the road and is joined by Jonah Hill,		✓	✓	✓		✓	Smithsonian features the same midnight madness as the first movie, but this time there's a sarcastic Abe Lincoln *and* a giant squid on board.

ILLUSTRATIONS, OLLIE BLAND

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Band of Brothers

The Dave Matthews Band is out to prove they can do more than jam.

You're calling your new album, *Big Whiskey and the GrooGrux King*, "the best we've made." Really?

Dave Matthews: LeRoi Moore [DMB saxophonist who died during the recording sessions] said, before his accident, that this was going to be our best album, and that gave us great focus. In the past when the record label asked when the album's gonna be done, it was like, "We'll have it done by the deadline." This was the first time I said, "It'll be done whenever the fuck it's done."

What did producer Rob Cavallo—who has worked with groups like Green Day and Fleetwood Mac—bring to the table?

Potatoes. Kidding. We started with spontaneous inventions and little improvisations—not jams, because that implies people are noodling all over the place, which irritates me. We looked for core ideas, and he helped us construct songs.

There's a lot of religion and God on this record.

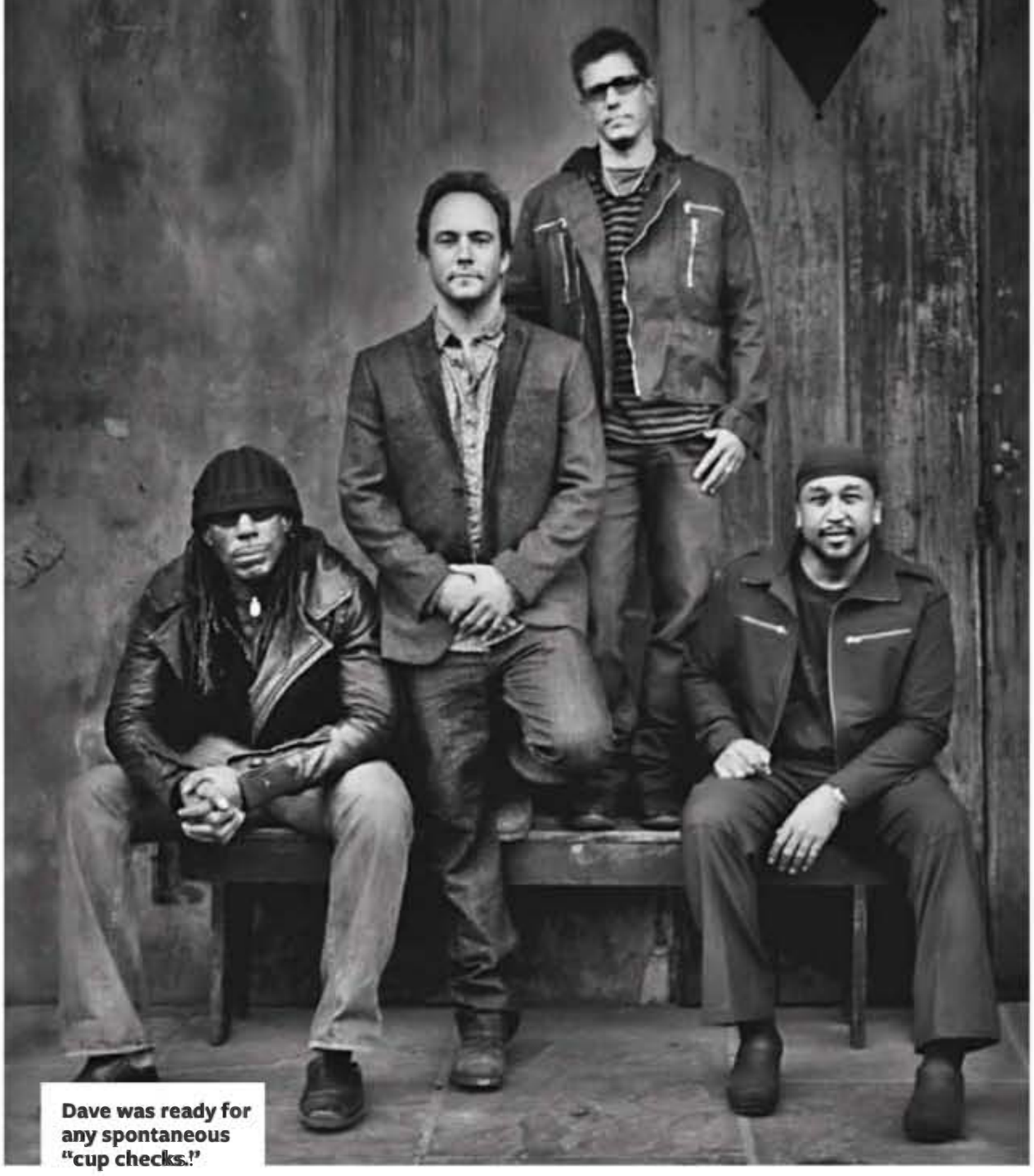
I talk about it because I think that's what we *should* all talk about. Love and death and sex and joy, not about whether your boyfriend pissed you off or your girlfriend lied.'

You've been married for eight years. Do you think that's improved your ability to write about love?

I try to write about it with the same desperation that I have when I think about the presence of death or loss. My wife has certainly been a muse to me, and I'm grateful to have found someone who will put up with me...for now.

What takes more energy, performing live or working in the studio?

They're different. Making this album wasn't tiring; it was invigorating! Playing onstage does get me more out of breath, though. I can't sit down as much. —*Nick Catucci*



Dave was ready for any spontaneous "cup checks!"

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN POP CULTURE 3, 6 & 9 MONTHS FROM NOW

ELECTRONIC ENTERTAINMENT EXPO (E3) Gaming aficionados are about to swarm the world's largest computer and video game trade show. Get thee to the L.A. Convention Center June 2–4 to be the first couch jockey on the block to catch a glimpse of next year's thumb-destroying hits.

3

The Beatles Rock Band
Book that mind-expanding trip to India, because you'll soon be able to play the Fab Four's catalog with your Rock Band instruments.

6

Avatar
James Cameron's first flick since *Titanic* is set during an interstellar war between Earth and the planet Pandora. Watch for sizzling starlet Zoe Saldana.

9

A Ribbon of Dreams
Sopranos creator David Chase returns to HBO with a series about the golden age of Hollywood. Let's pray lots of scenes are shot at Ye Olde Bada Bing.

Music Reviews

For your aural satisfaction, here's what's dropping this month.

The Dead Weather, *Horehound*
THIRD MAN
No one's ever called the White Stripes slick, but Jack White seems determined with his new band, the Dead Weather—in which he drums and bellows backup vocals—to amp up his famous grit. The brazen Alison Mosshart (of the Kills) sings, and members of the Raconteurs and Queens of the Stone Age fill out the lineup, but it's White's gnarly patina that lends their garage blues a glorious coarseness that will scratch any rocker's itch.

RATING: ●●●●○

Miike Snow, *Miike Snow*
DOWNTOWN
When conjuring songs for Britney Spears and Madonna is your day job, how do you moonlight? Christian Karlsson and Pontus Winnberg, the Swedish production duo known as Bloodshy & Avant, formed Miike Snow with singer Andrew Wyatt to soothe the dance floors they'd normally rile up. Pairing piano and dreamy synthesizers with gently thudding beats, the trio have clearly saved some of their best melodies for themselves.

RATING: ●●●●○

Black Eyed Peas, *The E.N.D.*
INTERSCOPE
Never overly concerned with the mind, the Peas are now focused completely on the body: Their fifth album layers its pop hooks over smashing dance beats from obscure, club-oriented producers. The attitude is purely hedonistic. Besides sassing her usual nonsense, Fergie actually sings the disco tune "Out of My Head" while drunk. You can't argue with music this exuberant...or their rhyming "mazel tov" and "take it off" ("I Gotta Feeling"). –N.C.

RATING: ●●●●○

Bust a Move

Q&A Ghostbuster Dan Aykroyd spills on the ghoulish new game.

1) Think of it as *Ghostbusters 3*.
"I've always considered the game to be the third movie. It takes place two years after the second film, when a new recruit has come under the wing of the Ghostbusters."

2) It looks better than the movies.
"The game brings the concept to life in a way the movies couldn't. Back then we could only do so much with makeup and primitive CGI. When I first saw the game, I was blown away."

3) The gang is back together...
"Bill Murray, Harold Ramis, Ernie Hudson, and I do the voices, and we appear as we did in the movies. I'm happy about that. They shed a good 60 pounds off my current bulk."

4) ...but getting Bill wasn't so easy.
"It took him a while to give it a try, but the sessions he gave for the game went well. He's elusive, as all great stars should be. The Murray-cane, as I call him, is a force unto itself."

Mandy Moore

The pop princess isn't as squeaky clean as you think.

Mandy Moore wants to apologize. Those cutesy bubblegum songs that launched her to stardom 10 years ago and are *still* being played over the speakers at Old Navy? "Yeah," giggles the 25-year-old stunner, "some of those were pretty crappy." Thankfully, Mandy has moved on from her glow-stick days of touring with the Backstreet Boys. On her stripped-down 2007 album, *Wild Hope*, she revealed that her matured musical leanings are more Sarah McLachlan than Miley Cyrus (and also that she "likes to make love on the floor"). And now her latest album, *Amanda Leigh* (that's her first and middle name), is an eclectic mix of twangy, earthy sounds not normally associated with pop princesses: harpsichords, clarinets, and steel guitars.

Still, Mandy admits she likes a good pop song. She'll rock her hit "Candy" from way back, but she reinvigorates it with an acoustic, country twist when she plays it live. What's not such a hit with her is that song's video—you remember, the one that awkwardly shows a dancing, lip-glossed 15-year-old Mandy likening her love for a boy to (gulp!) candy. "I just saw that video again and was like, 'Whoa! What was I thinking?' I don't think I had French-kissed a boy yet, which I guess was some good acting on my part," says Mandy. "At least I wasn't in a tube top!"

So she's gorgeous, self-deprecating, and funny, but just to vie for the title of ideal woman, Mandy also professes a love for the head-kickin', neck-stompin' UFC. That's right, the sweet girl next door says her ideal Saturday night involves going to the steel-cage Octagon with her gal pals to root on the face-pummeling pugilists. "It's the best way for me to get out my aggression," says Mandy. "The rush of adrenaline, being in an arena with 20,000 screaming people—it's overwhelming in the best way." Ideal woman status achieved. —Mike Dawson

Amanda Leigh hits shelves May 26.

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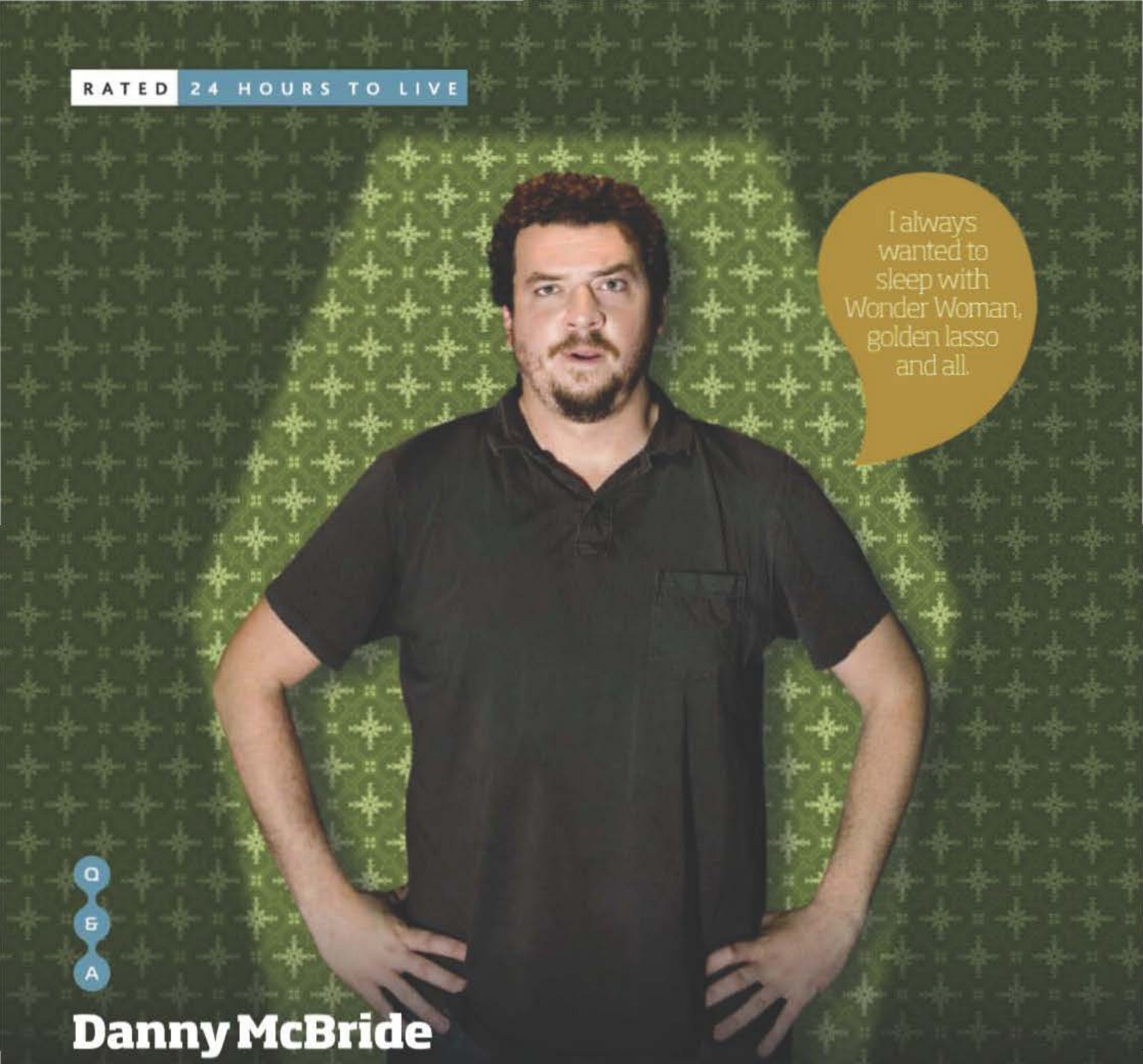

I always wanted to sleep with Wonder Woman, golden lasso and all.

Q&A

Danny McBride

The magnificently mulleted *Land of the Lost* and *Eastbound & Down* star mulls his final hours.

SO HOW DO YOU WANT TO GO?
In a blaze of glory...perhaps even while listening to Jon Bon Jovi's "Blaze of Glory."

WILL YOU BE GOING TO HEAVEN OR HELL?
I'm hellbound. Who wants to sit around for eternity with a bunch of a-holes who don't drink, cuss, or get dirty?

WHAT'S YOUR LAST MEAL?
Chick-fil-A, Bojangles', and some scattered and smothered hash browns from Waffle House. A champion's meal.

YOU PLAY WILL STANTON IN *LAND OF THE LOST* AND STUMBLE INTO AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE. IF DEATH LANDED YOU IN A TIME WARP OF YOUR CHOOSING, WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?
Toss my ass into the future. I'm still holding out for one of those hover boards from *Back to the Future Part II*.

YOU PLAY A SUBSTITUTE GYM TEACHER ON HBO'S *EASTBOUND & DOWN*. WAS THERE A CLASS IN SCHOOL THAT WAS THE EQUIVALENT OF HELL?
Math has always been my archnemesis, my hell on Earth. I hate showing my work. And fractions can go fuck themselves.

WAS THERE ANYONE ON EARTH YOU WANTED TO KARATE-KICK IN THE FACE, LIKE YOUR CHARACTER FROM *THE FOOT FIST WAY*?
I'm a lover, not a fighter. But I *will* haunt the shit out of a few people. They know who they are.

WHAT DID YOU SPEND THE MOST MONEY ON?
Music, booze, and bad ideas.

WHO DID YOU ALWAYS WANT TO SLEEP WITH?
Wonder Woman, golden lasso and all.

DESCRIBE YOUR FUNERAL. WHO'S THERE? WHAT BAND IS PLAYING?
Hopefully, my family and friends. They're crying their eyes out while the Flaming Lips bring the house down.

GOT ANY LAST WORDS?
"Morphine...tequila..."

Land of the Lost hits theaters June 5.

TODD PLITT/CONTOUR BY GETTY IMAGES

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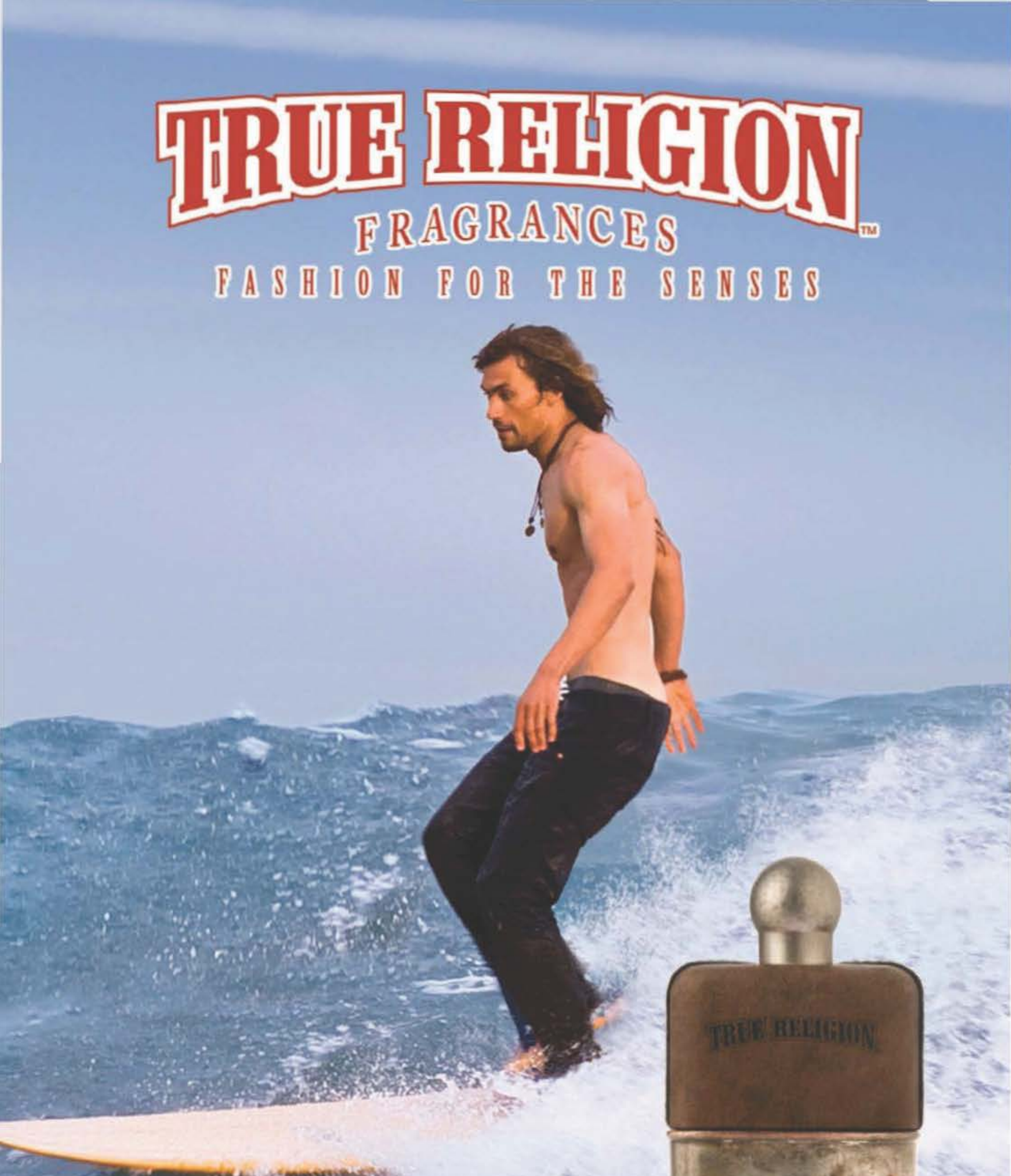

MACY'S

BY ELENA WILSON

The Sex Checklist

What bedroom taboos should you encourage your girl to break? Why, all of them, of course.

The turndown service at Holiday Inn is insane!

One day a few years ago I was at my boyfriend's place, lying naked on his bed after sex. He'd gone to shower, and when he came back he found me stretching on all fours, ass in the air. "Oh, God—don't move," he said. As I looked over my shoulder, he aimed his iPhone at me—and all of a sudden I was in my first nude photo shoot. When we flipped through the results minutes later, I was so turned on that I climbed back on top of him.

Taking dirty pictures wasn't something I ever thought I'd be into, but I've done it with both men I've dated since. (Happy blackmailing, guys!) For most women, in fact, a steamy first-time experience can be a revelation that leads to a whole new sexual world. Sometimes we just need a nudge in the right direction.

Of course, for every sexual initiation that's a wild success, there's one that goes wronger than wrong. You don't want to be remembered as the guy who busts out the inflatable sheep on the first date. So, to find out which experiments are likeliest to bring her back for more, I had dozens of women describe their hottest—and most disastrous—first times. If your girl hasn't checked these rites of passage off her to-do list, take the lead and become her sex guru.

Girl-on-Girl

As trendy as bisexuality has become, plenty of girls are still squeamish about putting their lips on another woman's, well, lips. But every woman I interviewed who'd tried it, loved it—even if they haven't done it again. "I still get wet thinking about the night Jackie and I hooked up," says 26-year-old Carlee*, who slept with her best friend after confessing to her boyfriend that she was curious about being with a girl. "Her body was so soft, and hearing her moan got me so turned on. But I'm happy with my boyfriend. I satisfied the urge, and now I just use the experience to work myself up."

But this experiment can be tricky, especially if you decide to participate. "The way I imagined a ménage à trois was different than the way it turned out," says Alex, a 29-year-old boutique owner. "My boyfriend Rob said I should tell him if I was uncomfortable, but I didn't want to be a killjoy. So I just watched him hook up with this girl we'd met at a party, feeling sick the whole time." They broke up shortly after.

And there's always the chance that she'll discover she enjoys bedding another woman more than she enjoys bedding you. "Women in these situations can find out things about their sexual preferences that are threatening to their male partners," says Lou Paget, author of *The Great Lover Playbook*. In other words: Encourage her at your own risk. If she goes Lindsay Lohan on you, it's your own damn fault.

Sex on Camera

As I discovered in my personal photo shoot, even shy girls find something incredibly alluring about being the star of the show. "I was fooling around with the camera on my new phone when I accidentally zoomed in on my cleavage—and thought it looked super hot," says Sari, a 31-year-old teacher. "It inspired me to strip to my underwear, and then I started shooting myself masturbating. The grainy video was awesome because it concealed flaws and made everything look really raw."

For others the distance a camera provides can act as an aphrodisiac. "When my boyfriend and I watched the first sex tape we made, I felt disembodied from the experience—but in a good way," says Serena, a 29-year-old pharmacist. "I didn't feel self-conscious, because it was almost like looking at someone else."

But there are caveats. To make your girl feel secure, film in *her* home and make it clear that you'll store everything on *her* computer. "My ex's doofus roommate borrowed his laptop and found the video we'd made," says Natalie, a 28-year-old bartender. "We found out that he called his friends into the room to watch, like

STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR, NEIL WILSON; MAKEUP, ELISA FLOWERS FOR BERNSTEIN & ANDRIULLI; LOCATION, SMYTH HOTEL, NYC/THOMPSON HOTELS. *SOME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

he was the geek in Sixteen Candles. I felt majorly violated." Promise her you'll be the only two perverts viewing your special video—or just delete it afterward, sickos.

Role Play

There's something about role play that can seem, at times, a little silly ("OK, so this time you be Smurfette, I'll be Gargamel..."), and at other times, a little creepy. "This guy I went on a date with was really into having women play Catholic schoolgirls," says Jessie, 27, an actress. "When we went back to his place and started making out, he opened his closet to reveal a stack of plaid skirts, berets, and Mary Janes in different sizes. I was so freaked out, I left."

However, done right, role play can bring a new charge to sex. Many women find taking on another persona liberating, because it frees them from expectations about how they're supposed to behave in bed. Tania, a 30-year-old flight attendant, discovered as much when her boyfriend took her by surprise one night: "I walked in the door of our apartment, and he was waiting in the dark hallway. He grabbed my wrists and said in this gruff voice, 'You've been a bad girl and need to learn obedience. Do exactly as I say.' I immediately fell into that subservient role." The key to his success, Tania says, was that there was no time to debate a cheesy setup. "If he'd presented me with a whole scenario like, 'How about I'm the peg-legged pirate and you're the beautiful native islander,' or whatever, I never would've gone for it." The bottom line: When introducing her to role play, keep it simple and spontaneous—you can work up to the creepy masks later.

Light BDSM

Those of you who liked to torture small animals as children, don't get too excited: We're not talking about trotting out whips and gags here. We *are* talking about tying her hands up with a scarf or administering a few firm smacks on the ass. The first time I experimented with this was when my college boyfriend and I returned from a formal, and he yanked his tie off and quickly lassoed my hands. He tightened the knot just enough that I could escape if I really wanted to. Acting like I was being forced to submit (even though I really wasn't) allowed me to give in to him completely.

The first spank is slightly trickier, if only because it's not easy for the woman to have much control over how it's executed. That's partly the point, but it means you need to exercise some caution. Here's a tip: Aim to smack hard enough that it'll sting a bit, but not so hard you leave a mark. "The first time my boyfriend spanked me, I couldn't even feel it," says Jane, 28, a paralegal. "I've gotten more turned on being jostled by strangers on the subway. But after I gave him the green light to use a little force, he overcompensated. I had a handprint on my butt that turned black-and-blue the next day." Avoid going go-go; you can break out the paddle, but only after you know her personal threshold.

Betty and Veronica just blew Jughead's mind.

Backdoor Entry

It may be the final sexual frontier: Anal sex is the one act that every guy wants to get a woman to try, and every woman wants to avoid—or so we think. According to an ABC News report, anal sex rates have doubled in the adult population since 1995. Obviously, all those girls had to start somewhere.

For Hilary, a 23-year-old event planner, that "somewhere" was an evening when her then-boyfriend brought anal beads to bed. "At first I let him put them in me just because I could tell how much it turned him on," she says. "But once I got over my initial apprehension, it felt amazing." Within a week they'd moved from toys to the real thing.

Most girls agree it's best to test the waters with toys or finger play before graduating to full-on penetration. According to sex educator Laura Berman, Ph.D., the entire area is very sensitive; "The perineum is filled with tiny nerve endings that feel wonderful when touched." Start with gentle stimulation and you may be surprised where it leads. "My boyfriend used to gently press on my butt-hole while going down on me," says Laurie, 31, a yoga instructor. "I was amazed how erotic it was. One night I told him I wanted to do it for real. When he entered me for the first time, I almost came right then."

The truth is, when it comes to sex, women are just as eager as you to say, "Been there, done that." If you've earned her trust, there's practically no limit to what she'll try. Except your Rush Limbaugh diaper fantasy. Weirdo. ●

Read Between the Signs

Our chart reveals which experiments your girl is ready to attempt in bed.

	NOT READY	PROCEED WITH CAUTION	ALL SYSTEMS GO
GIRL-ON-GIRL	Says girls "smell funny."	After drinks, grinds on best friend, pretends to be joking.	Played field hockey in college.
SEX ON FILM	Insists on lights off in bedroom.	Was a cast member on MTV's *The Real World*.	Has mirrored ceiling.
ROLE PLAY	Hates Halloween.	Calls you "Papi" even though you are not her dad.	Wears foam down nose, giant red shoes to bed every night.
LIGHT BDSM	Takes Vicodin for paper cuts, stubbed toes.	Likes to play patty-cake. Hard.	Routinely hurtles self down stairs headfirst for "fun."
BACKDOOR SEX	Wears chastity belt backward.	Prefers to back into parking spaces.	Named her pet tabby "Astroglide."

CIVIC

COMPOSING A DRIVE. It makes sense that Honda would be the company to build a musical road. We thrive on engineering challenges. It took some Honda innovation, but we discovered that by carving specifically spaced grooves into asphalt we could create musical tones. Then we grooved a road just outside Lancaster, CA, to play the *William Tell Overture*. It was a project in honor of the Civic — a car designed to connect drivers to the road. When it was finished, the Musical Road was open to everyone. But, like every road, it was best experienced in a Civic. See, hear and learn more at civic.honda.com.

The Honda Civic, 36 hwy mpg*

*EPA-estimated hwy mpg for Civic EX-L Sedan with AT model shown. Use only for comparison. Actual mileage will vary. honda.com. 1-800-33-Honda

BY PENN JILLETTE PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIUS BUGGE

Breakfast of Champions

Forget pancakes, omelets, and donuts. When Penn Jillette wants to warm his heart in the morning, cold cereal is the only food that'll do.

"Don't make me turn this into chocolate milk!"

Back when I was a child, all the way through when I got out of Greenfield High School (note I say "got out of" and not "graduated from"), my mom woke me for school every morning. Until I started wearing dungarees (as she called them), she would iron my pants right before I left so I could walk to school on freezing Massachusetts mornings with warm legs. She would offer to cook me anything I wanted for breakfast. I could have had bacon and eggs, pancakes, or porridge. Fuck! Norman Rockwell never heard of a childhood as perfect as mine.

So I had my choice of any breakfast food mixed with my mom's love, but being a callow asshole, I would insist on a bowl of cold cereal, with a cheap plastic toy inside the box. In the long run, a bowl of sugar and plastic that's advertised on TV isn't better than a mother's love. In the short run, however, they were tied.

Today I'm an oatmeal man. When I'm living right, I take a bowl of minute oatmeal, add some maple syrup and almond milk, and throw my bowl in the microwave for three minutes. Then I cut up a banana on top, and I call that breakfast. But Maxim wanted to transport me back to my youth by having me eat a shit-ton of cold breakfast cereals and pick my 10 favorites. Eating bowl after bowl was a reminder that way back when, my mom loved me enough to give me all the sugar and plastic I wanted.

10. Puffins Original [BARBARA'S BAKERY]

I love the name of this cereal. I've seen puffins, and they are some goofy, lovable little birds. It also says on the box that Puffins are "all natural." I have no idea why "all natural" is supposed to be good. HIV and arsenic are "all natural." Anyway, Puffins are a fine little cereal.

9. Honey Nut Cheerios [GENERAL MILLS]

Cheerios bring back memories. I actually don't think I ate them much as a kid, though; maybe it's some sort of Jungian memory. I don't know. But they have so much sugar, it's great.

8. Cinnamon Chex [GENERAL MILLS]

Awesome. These are basically sugar with that "party mix" vibe underneath. Really good.

7. Peak Protein [BEARNAKED]

This is hippie granola that doesn't say "organic." Maxim sent me plenty of organic cereals, but there are none on this list. That's because the word "organic," when not followed by the word "chemistry" to mean "carbon based," makes me fucking bug-nutty. At best, "organic" on food is a lying scam, and at worst it's rich Americans not giving a fuck how many people in developing nations they kill by decreasing the amount of food that can be grown on an acre in order to adhere to "organic" standards. I had to mention it or you'd wonder why just ▸▸

TASTE TEST GUIDE — STAYS CRUNCHY! · INSANELY SUGARY! · ACTUALLY HEALTHY! · MAKES MILK YUMMY!

10 PUFFINS ORIGINAL

9 HONEY NUT CHEERIOS

8 CINNAMON CHEX

7 PEAK PROTEIN

6 GOLDEN CRISP

EDWARD SMITH @ STILLS

5 GRAPE-NUTS

4 FROSTED MINI-WHEATS

3 CINN. TOAST CRUNCH

2 FROSTED FLAKES

1 COCOA KRISPIES

putting the word "organic" on the box automatically puts your product behind "Toasted Piss-Frosted Goat Shittles" on my scorecard.

Pea Protein really does taste like it was made by some dirty hippie in a dirty hippie kitchen—but I'm positioning that as a good thing. It's delicious. Very chewy. You actually get tired chewing it. The sunflower seeds and cinnamon mix together nicely. The only drawback is the raisins. I like soft raisins. These are hard raisins. These are Pamela Anderson raisins and not Kitten Natividad raisins.

6. Golden Crisp [POST]

This cereal used to be called Sugar Crisp. They let the bear on the box keep his Sugar Bear T-shirt, but they changed the name of the cereal to Golden Crisp. I don't know if that's because sugar is bad now, but it makes no difference to me. I think sugar is good. This tastes like being a child to me. I guess it really is just eating sugar—whoops, I mean gold—but I like it.

5. Grape-Nuts [POST]

Grape-Nuts is the egg cream of cereals (no egg, no cream; no grapes, no nuts). It has to be one of the most satisfying foods. It sure isn't sweet enough, but it definitely feels like you're eating food. I haven't had it in a while, but I'm going to start eating it again. I ate it for this article with milk, but I'm going to start putting it in yogurt with jam again. Lots of jam. They say the difference between jam and jelly is I can't jelly my cock up your ass...but I think I can. I like Grape-Nuts.

4. Frosted Mini-Wheats [KELLOGG'S]

I love the feeling of shredded wheat. I love healthy bird food with a fun-to-eat feel. Then you spray them with sugar, and I'm there. I love the way they interact with milk; they get soggy in a cool way. And I like them dry right out of the box, too. My friend Jessie says that being an adult means being able to eat candy for breakfast. Some people can't admit that they want candy for breakfast, so there are a lot of cereals, like this, that just give candy a different name and put it in a box for breakfast.

3. Cinnamon Toast Crunch [GENERAL MILLS]

I had never tried it before this article, so there's no nostalgia for the cereal, but a lot of nostalgia for my mom's cinnamon toast. Man, it's the perfect cinnamon-sugar toast taste. Once again, I've learned that if you put enough sugar on packing peanuts, I'll eat them.

2. Frosted Flakes (of Corn) [KELLOGG'S]

It's hard to be fair in this article because it's all about comfort and nostalgia. Man, when I taste "Sugar Frosted Flakes"—and they are sugar-frosted—I'm just happy. Have a bowl now. Man, they're good. My sister-in-law, who works in advertising for General Mills, said, "Do you *know* how much sugar is in that cereal?" Like it was a bad thing. Maybe it is, but I like sugar. What bothers me is, why do you need a parenthetical in the name of a cereal? Why is "of corn" parenthetical? It's the "(You Gotta) Fight for Your Right (to Party)" of cereal names.

1. Cocoa Krispies [KELLOGG'S]

These are the best; they taste like food and candy together, but more like candy. I wish Snap, Crackle, and Pop were different characters for the Cocoa Krispies box, but I guess that's dangerous thinking. Truthfully, Count Chocula has a much better name and a better box. The art on the Chocula box is really hip and minimalist, and I love word plays that are this far from successful: "Chocula" sounds nothing like "Dracula." It's not even a good pun. It's just a crazy person naming cereal out their ass, and I like that. Count Chocula is great cereal, but the marshmallows fuck it up. I don't like little cereal marshmallows. My children love Lucky Charms, and they pick those fucking marshmallows out and just eat them, but those marshmallows piss me off. I prefer soft, Jayne Mansfield marshmallows.

With Cocoa Krispies, there's that rice vibe that makes it seem like it might be food, but that chocolate candy vibe is the most important part. Man, it's just great. When I wake up hungry in the middle of the night, this is what I want. I had a box by the bathtub for a while, and I would get up in the middle of the night to take a bath and read and eat these by the handful like a naked wet giant ravenous hairy missing link. (Maybe not the image you want in your head, but I have to live it.) Little escaped Krispies would fall into the bathwater, and the next morning there would be washed-out, dried-up bunches of rice around the drain, which proves the caloric content of my bathwater could have nourished Asia. This is good eating. ●

Little Box of Horrors

These products will never be an important part of Penn's complete breakfast

Good Friends High Fiber Cereal [GM]
"Nearly 33% of your daily fiber needs." Nearly? What is nearly 33%? 32%? 31%? I guess 28% is nearly 33%. I don't get it.

Banana Nut Cheerios [GM]
"Flavored with real bananas." What does that mean? I don't like banana flavor in anything but bananas. I would like a banana on my cereal, but banana flavor isn't good.

Apple Jacks [Kellogg's]
How weird to name a children's cereal after a Colonial American hard liquor. But, I guess "Mountain Dew" is a soft drink named after the same kind of ethanol, so what do I know? But the cereal sucks.

Kaboom [GM]
This cereal consists of fruit-flavored toasted corn with marshmallows. I don't like any of that. Not good. It has a fucking clown on the box telling you it's so good.

THE GOOD TIME LIME.

Prepare for ultimate refreshment. Grab a Bud Light Lime and experience the superior drinkability of Bud Light with a splash of 100% natural lime flavor. One taste and you'll find

THE SUMMER STATE OF MIND.

MOON STRUCK

Who needs the Governator when you've got the scorching-hot Moon Bloodgood burning up the screen in *Terminator Salvation*? Apocalypse wow!!

BY RUTH HILTON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHAN WÖRTH

Steve Madden heels
Necklaces (from top):
Demitasse, Diesel,
Ann Demeulemeester

For every menacing pair of laser eyes sitting atop an impenetrable metal frame, there's a badass chick ready to kick robot butt. Enter *Terminator Salvation*'s Moon Blood-good. Following in the action-heroine footsteps of Linda Hamilton's iconic Sarah Connor is no easy gig, but the terminally cool Moon—who plays ballsy fighter pilot Blair Williams—takes it all with a wry smile. Having started out as a Laker Girl at only 17, she's no stranger to being the center of attention. Listen in as the half-Korean, half-Dutch-Irish, all-bombshell talks F-bomb-dropping costars, horny robots, and Thai Ping-Pong balls.

THAT BURNT-OUT CAR YOU'RE RECLINING ON IN OUR SHOOT LOOKS PRETTY COMFY.
I love looking like a badass. Just so everyone knows, there is no photo shoot that's comfortable when you're this scantily clad.

BUT YOU DO WEAR THOSE KINDS OF CLOTHES WHEN YOU'RE RELAXING AT HOME, RIGHT?
Oh, yeah, I just sit around in my thong! When I'm at home I'm in a T-shirt and granny undies. I think women look sexy in men's clothing.

GRANNY PANTIES? SERIOUSLY?
Yup, granny panties. I'm telling you, it's sexy, because you don't look like you're trying.

DO YOU THINK *SALVATION* IS GOING TO SATISFY TERMINATOR FREAKS?
I'm hoping the die-hard fans love it and respect it, and I also hope to get some new fans.

YOU HAVE A ROBOT KISS IN THE MOVIE. YOU'RE NOT INTO HOOKING UP WITH ROBOT DUDES IN REAL LIFE, ARE YOU?
Does a robot have a tongue? I just wonder if making love would be robotic. I'm definitely not into that. Listen, every woman likes a hard body, but that takes it to a whole other level.

AT A CONVENTION THE DIRECTOR, McG, MENTIONED WHAT SOUNDED LIKE A CRAZY OUTDOOR TOPLESS SCENE. WAS THAT TOUGH TO SHOOT?
It was extremely cold, and the rain machine was freezing. I couldn't stop shivering, but when the cameras roll, you have to be still. I'm not inhibited about my sexuality or nudity as long as it's done in a non-demeaning context.

DID THE SCENE MAKE THE MOVIE?
I don't think so, and I'm OK with that.

WERE YOU ON SET DURING COSTAR CHRISTIAN BALE'S INFAMOUS RANT?
I was in my trailer, and to this day I haven't heard it. Christian is the most professional person, and I think it's easy to take things out of context. It's not indicative of his character.

THEY GOT LINDA HAMILTON TO BE PART OF THE MOVIE. DID ANYTHING COME OF McG'S REQUEST TO GET ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER?
That I can't say. I'm sworn to secrecy.

YOU'RE BEING IMMORTALIZED IN THE *TERMINATOR SALVATION* VIDEO GAME. ARE THERE ANY SPECIAL MOVES YOU'D LIKE TO DO IN REAL LIFE?
I'd like to walk up and jump off buildings like in *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. I want to be as tough as I can be. I'd love to be Jackie Chan.

HOW CAN A GUY GET YOUR ATTENTION?
I'm into chivalry. As much as I'm a guy's girl with a potty mouth, a polite man who opens the door is so refreshing.

WHAT'S THE CRAZIEST THING THAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU RECENTLY?
Let's just say I went to one of those Ping-Pong ball shows in Thailand and almost got into a fight. There were some aggressive people around, and I don't like being shoved.

Check our *Terminator Salvation* preview on page 39.

Moon's Musts A few of our cover girl's favorite things

SCIENCE FICTION
"Sci-fi movies stimulate me. I love *Blade Runner*, *Predator*, *Star Wars*...and I've seen more episodes of *Star Trek* than anyone. That's probably why I enjoy doing these films!"

THE LAKERS
"I grew up on basketball, and then I became a Laker Girl. I got to be right on the court and watch amazing games. I was quite young, so it was great. Plus, basketball players are sexy."

CLASSIC RIDES
"My dream is to have an old-school Porsche or Corvette. Nothing too flashy, but something that has a timeless cool. I'm into antiques, and I really do love old cars."

KARAOKE
"I don't like clubs where you can't hear yourself think. I like karaoke bars. And I only rock the '80s: 'Summer of '69,' 'Bette Davis Eyes,' any Journey...I love power ballads."

STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; FASHION CONSULTANT, ANN FOLEY; HAIR, JONATHAN HANOUSEK USING TRESEMMÉ FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS; MAKEUP, LESLIE LOPEZ AT THE WALL GROUP

"I'm not inhibited about my sexuality or nudity. I just love looking like a badass."

Diesel bikini
Norma Kamali jacket
Steve Madden boots

Junkerdesigns.com sweatshirt and shorts Diesel bikini

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ICON

Jack Black

The tenacious comedian gets prehistoric in this month's *Year One*. Prick up your ears as he reveals his deepest thoughts on weed smoking, kung fu fighting, and ball sucking.

BY NEAL POLLACK PHOTOGRAPH BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER

YOU'VE BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS ALMOST 20 YEARS NOW. DID YOU EVER THINK YOU'D BE DESCRIBED AS AN ICON?

I didn't know that I'd achieved icon status. The trumpets are sounding from on high. I feel like royalty. It's kind of like being on Mount Rushmore. Of downs. Clown Rushmore. I'll take it. Thanks, Maxim!

IN *YEAR ONE* YOU GET TO LIVE THROUGH THE ENTIRE BOOK OF GENESIS. DID YOU READ THE BIBLE TO PREPARE FOR YOUR ROLE?

I did go to Hebrew school and got my bar mitzvah, so I wasn't a stranger to the Good Book. For the movie I just stuck to the Old Testament. I got all the way through to where it got super boring. And then I bailed. There were a lot of names in a row, and then I said, "I'm out of here. Who do I think I am, Sean Penn?" And I flung it out the door.

WHAT HISTORICAL CHARACTER WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO PLAY?

I was in a little Internet short called "Drunk History" where I portrayed Ben Franklin. I've been obsessed with him for a while, but I don't think I'd be the one cast to play that role in a real movie. It would have to be a pretty punk-rock version. The guy was the best—he invented electricity, he loved to fuck, he was a nudist and a pothead. I just like the way he rolled. The dude was all about the weed.

SPEAKING OF WEED, DO YOU HAVE A MEDICAL MARIJUANA PRESCRIPTION?

No, I haven't really been smoking since I had my babies. It's basically limited to celebratory Js on special occasions. I did smoke the other day before a meeting, and it was a big mistake. I'm a lightweight, and if I smoke really powerful weed, I get paranoid and nonverbal.

HAS YOUR SON SEEN *KUNG FU PANDA*?

He has, but he never asks for it. He might be a little bit weirded out that it's his daddy's voice. That takes him out of the illusion—every time he tries to concentrate on the character, he's like, *Is that daddy?*

YOU SHOWED OFF SOME KILLER MOVES FOR A PANDA. DO YOU KNOW KUNG FU YOURSELF?

I got a couple of lessons from a Chinese guy I think is the real deal. He studied in the Wudang Mountains for like 20 years. I had a really good experience, but he went back to China, and I'm getting ready to go to London to film *Gulliver's Travels*. I need to fuckin' find a good master.

WITH ALL THESE UPCOMING PROJECTS—*GULLIVER*, PLUS SEQUELS TO *SCHOOL OF ROCK* AND *KUNG FU PANDA*—IS TENACIOUS D EVER GOING TO APPEAR AGAIN?

We just played a benefit concert in L.A. a few weeks ago. It was great. I'd like to play more shows, but we need to put out an album first so we can tour properly. You want to Johnny Appleseed your shit around. There's no reason to play shows otherwise, though it is fun.

WHAT IS THE WEIRDEST GIFT YOU EVER RECEIVED FROM A GROUPIE?

Somebody gave me a painting of me nude. Obviously, they just imagined what I'd look like.

WERE THEY ANATOMICALLY ACCURATE?

They were very generous. I'm gonna say yes.

WAS IT TOUGH FOR YOU WHEN THE *TENACIOUS D* MOVIE FLOPPED?

It was a body blow, mainly because we had so much fun making it. I got a lot out of the writing. I was psyched to write more screenplays, but that kind of killed my writing career.

YOU RECENTLY PLAYED THE GRAND OLE OPRY IN SUPPORT OF YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW, THE LEGENDARY BASSIST CHARLIE HADEN. YOU ALSO SANG ON HIS NEW ALBUM. IS COUNTRY MUSIC, LIKE YOU'VE SAID, REALLY IN YOUR DNA?

It felt like it. When I went in to lay down the track, it was my first time in that genre, and I cranked it out in one take. But I still don't own any country music. Just because it's in my DNA doesn't mean it's in my iPod. Yet.

ARE YOU A NERD?

I have some nerdy tendencies. I really like science fiction. That's one of the hallmarks of nerditude. But I'm kind of a jaywalker. I'll be into the nerdy stuff, but I'll also be into frat-house jock stuff. I really love the NBA. I follow the sport pretty closely.

ARE YOU LIKE JACK NICHOLSON WITH YOUR COURTSIDE LAKERS SEATS?

No. I rely on the kindness of studio executives. When I get the call, they say, "Do you want to sit courtside?" But those calls are very few and far between now that the Lakers are the hottest ticket in town.

IN *TROPIC THUNDER* YOU STARRED AS A JUNKIE WHO OFFERS TO, UM, *SERVICE* HIS CAST MATES FOR A FIX. HOW LONG BEFORE YOU LET YOUR KIDS SEE THAT ONE?

Not till they're men. That's not really a number, is it? I think we all know when we become men. I'll look into his eyes and say, "You're a man now. It's time for you to enjoy *Tropic Thunder*. See what Dad did when you were just a baby."

DID YOU ACTUALLY SUCK ANY BALLS WHILE FILMING IT?

No. I can safely say I've never sucked a ball. Not that I have anything against ball suckers. ●

Year One hits theaters June 19.

"I'd like to play Ben Franklin. He was all about the weed."

SET DESIGN, ED MURPHY; GROOMING, ROZ MUSIC

THE DRINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO SUMMER

Mixologists, start your blenders! It's time for Maxim's guide to the craziest cocktails, hottest bartenders, bawdiest beach bars, and secretest hideaways. Follow us down the hatch.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

(KILLER SUMMER COCKTAILS)

Dark 'n' Extra Stormy

Mixed at: Nacional 27 (n27chicago.com)
Origins: This Windy City Latin restaurant puts its own spicy spin on this powerful yet refreshing summertime Bermuda-born cocktail.

- 5 slices fresh ginger
- ½ a lime quartered
- 1 oz. simple syrup
- El Yucateco green chili habanero sauce
- 1.5 oz. dark rum
- Club soda
- Candied ginger

In a pint glass, muddle the ginger, lime, simple syrup, and a few dashes of the chili sauce. Add rum. Fill glass with ice, top with soda, stir. Garnish with lime and candied ginger.

BY STEVE GARBARINO, CHRIS WILSON, MIKE DAWSON, AND STINSON CARTER

Free piña coladas and hepatitis A every Friday!

THE WORLD'S WORST HANGOVER CURES NO. 1

After a night of single-malt swilling, the mumbling masses of Scotland wash down a meal of boiled sheep stomach with a tepid glass of buttermilk and cornstarch. Yum!

Take a Dive!

A belly-flopper's guide to the wildest hotel "wet" bars.

1 / Rehab at the Hard Rock Hotel & Casino Las Vegas
This Sunday megafest draws thousands of bikini-clad party girls and the tribal-tattooed meatsticks who love 'em. hardrockhotel.com

2 / Thompson LES Hotel New York City
Expose yourself to Andy Warhol, whose freaky face is lithographed on the bottom of the pool. thompsonles.com

3 / The Raleigh Miami
This South Beach gem is where you'll spot nearly every A-lister tanning their buns. raleighhotel.com

4 / The Chelsea Atlantic City
An oasis in slot-machine hell, it attracts busloads of N.Y.C. bikini enthusiasts. thechelsea-ac.com

5 / The Moorings Village The Florida Keys
Home to many a swimsuit fashion spread, this compound features a jumbo pool lined with tanned goddesses. mooringsvillage.com

6 / Orbit In Hotel Palm Springs, CA
Giant pool and a retro Rat Pack vibe. Book it! orbitin.com

7 / The Eldorado Santa Fe, NM
Order a pitcher of gold margaritas and freak out at the New Mexican skies at this rooftop swimming pool party. eldoradohotel.com

8 / The Roosevelt Los Angeles
The pool here is a fixture on *Entourage*. Fix your "shrinkage" while watching the bevy of hotties roll in. hollywoodroosevelt.com

Cruzin Cooler

The 1,000 Watt Cruzin Cooler runs on an electric motor, lasts on rugged terrain up to 15 miles (its top speed is a tractor-pulling 13 mph), carries a case of beer—and, best of all, can tote a driver weighing up to 300 pounds. So go ahead and *enjoy* your lunch! $799, cruzincooler.com

The two solutions to all life's problems

WOMEN BEHIND BARS

Bartender: Lyndz, 22
Bar: The Kennedy, Tampa, FL
Question: How does a thirsty guy get your attention in a crowded bar full of screaming drunks?
Answer: "First, never yell 'Hey' or 'Yo' or call us 'Barkeep.' You should already know to have your money out. But what truly gets our attention—male and female bartenders alike—is the patient guy who has a friendly smile and makes eye contact with us. Some stern-faced dude with a $100 bill will be ignored."

The ever-adaptive Venus-redneck trap

THE WORLD'S WORST HANGOVER CURES NO. 2

Winner of the pukiest remedy goes to the mensches of Mongolia, who swear by pickled sheep's eyeballs in tomato juice. Let the purging begin!

On the Waterfronts

A boozetastic bounty of oceanside spots.

1 / The Crab Shack
Tybee Island, GA
This sandy outpost near Savannah attracts locals for the crab boils and stellar sunset views. thecrabshack.com

2 / Cha Cha's Coney Island, NY
Owned by *Sopranos* regular John "Cha Cha" Ciarrica, this dive is festooned with *Godfather* and Tony Danza regalia. chachasofconeyisland.com

3 / Rum Runners
Palm Harbor, FL
Steamed clams, frozen rum runners, and trashy Tampa girls! rumrunnersfun.com

4 / The Rudder
Gloucester, MA
Hang on the patio with the local salty dogs fishermen and you'll earn your manly sea legs. rudderrestaurant.com

5 / The Rod & Reel Pier
Anna Maria Island, FL
This Florida pier shack turns out one of the best blackened grouper sandwiches on the gulf. 941-778-1885

6 / Howard's Pub & Raw Bar
Ocracoke Island, NC
A superlocal know-your-name oversize beach bungalow. Be an insider in the Outer Banks. howardspub.com

A Michelada Mash Note

How to make our favorite summer beer-tail.

1 Ingredients: Salt, 1 lime, 1 12 oz. Mexican beer, ½ tsp. Tabasco sauce, ½ tsp. Worcestershire. Cut lime in half. Use half of lime to juice the rim of chilled glass.

2 Salt rim and fill glass with ice. Squeeze in other lime half and add sauces to taste. Pour in Mexican beer (Modelo Especial, Corona, Tecate). Drink and repeat.

(KILLER SUMMER COCKTAILS)

Uptown Bloody Mary

Mixed at: The Columns Hotel Bar (thecolumns.com)
Origins: At this Italianate-style hotel and bar, the 95-year-old cocktail is dressed up with a pickled green bean, known in the Big Easy as a "spiced bean."

- 2 oz. vodka
- 4-6 oz. V8 juice
- 1 tsp. horseradish
- ½ tsp. fresh lime juice
- 4 dashes Tabasco sauce
- 4 dashes Worcestershire sauce
- 1 pinch celery salt

Mix ingredients and pour over ice in a Collins glass; garnish with spiced bean (nolacajun.com, or try the Wasabeans at rickspicksnyc.com), two green olives, and a celery stalk. In New Orleans, this drink is considered "a meal," thanks to all those veggies.

ILLUSTRATIONS, PETER SUCHESKI

(KILLER SUMMER COCKTAILS)

The Fish Bowl

Mixed at: The Foundry at McCoy's (foundrykc.com)
Origins: This bowl of brain-dulling deliciousness, based on the Blue Hawaiian, should be sipped simultaneously by four ladies (not you) at your BBQ.

- ½ cup Nerds candy
- ½ gallon goldfish bowl
- 5 oz. vodka
- 5 oz. Malibu rum
- 3 oz. blue curaçao
- 6 oz. sweet-and-sour mix
- 16 oz. pineapple juice
- 16 oz. Sprite
- 3 slices each: lemon, lime, orange
- 4 Swedish gummy fish

Sprinkle Nerds in bowl as "gravel." Fill bowl with ice. Add rest of ingredients. Serve with long party straws.

The Five-Second Beer Fridge

Wash down your DTs fast with this DIY project.

1. Plant a warm beer soldier in Kool-Aid pitcher. Put top on; seal spout with duct tape.
2. Poke straw-size hole in bottom wall of pitcher. Steal a can of keyboard duster from work (it contains difluoroethane, a refrigerant).
3. Stick the duster's straw into hole and blast away. Open pitcher; proceed to chug your frosty beer.

WOMEN BEHIND BARS

Bartender: Jennifer, 27
Bar: Maracas, N.Y.C.
Question: What's your best hangover cure?
Answer: "I'm sure you know that drinking water between drinks will help fight a hangover. Here's how to do it and look cool: Buy—repeat, *buy*—a bottled water from me, tell me what you're doing, and I'll make it look like a drink each time. Ask for a free glass of water, you broke ass, and you'll never see me again."

Drink Like a Man Five rules for surviving cocktail hour with your masculinity intact

EDWARD SMITH (JENNIFER)

1. **Swizzles are preferable to straws.** Swizzle sticks are good for chewing on in a menacing way. Straws make you look like a dainty lady sucking cream from a bonbon.
2. **Crazy straws = someone must die.** If you accept an oversize, brightly colored, and/or corkscrew-shaped straw, the only way to salvage your manhood is to kill someone at the bar.
3. **The sexier the lime, the bigger the shame.** If your beverage has "blow job" or "orgasm" in the name, your chances of getting laid are worse than if you'd worn the bar in the WHO FARTED? T-shirt.
4. **If it ain't a lime, it's a crime.** Limes are cool (tequila, Corona). But drinks with passion fruit? How dare you. Pomegranate pulp? Only if you're a giant Samoan dude who can kick our ass.
5. **Take the hen party test.** Imagine an annoying bachelorette in a penis tiara bellowing: "Bartender, give me a J_!" If your cocktail could complete that sentence, you need a new cocktail.

Maxim's Sunday Punch

A sweet slam to the head that's guaranteed to make you skip church—and work on Monday!

1 You'll need:
- Welch's grape juice
- Tropicana Pure Premium OJ
- Absolut vodka
- Ice, sliced oranges

2 Mix it up!
Put oranges and ice into the bathtub, then mix in equal parts grape juice, OJ, and vodka. Stir, you sad, sad man.

3 Gulpin' time!
Start ladling out your ghettojuice into one of your dead! red Solo cups. Chug. Repeat until thunderbolt headache ensues.

WOMEN BEHIND BARS

"I'm stirring your drink with my mind."

Bartender: Amanda, 23
Bar: The Derby at Fox Creek, Lorain, Ohio
Question: How does a guy get your phone number?
Answer: "Big tips get our attention, but they're also a warning sign. The first thing we really judge men on? Hands and smile. It's what we see first from behind the bar. If a guy has nice, well-kept hands and a genuine smile, is funny, a gentleman, and tips decent but not crazy, we may slip him our number."

THE WORLD'S WORST HANGOVER CURES NO. 3

This Romanian recipe was born behind the Iron Curtain, where tripe was more accessible than toilet paper: Tripe boiled in root soup, salt. No wonder they revolted.

{KILLER SUMMER COCKTAILS}

Cucumber Gimlet

West Hollywood, California.

Mixed at: Bar Lubitsch (323-654-1234)
Origins: This light, summery cocktail comes courtesy of Bar Lubitsch—named after the fabled 1930s Russian immigrant movie director Ernst Lubitsch—a vodka lounge on Santa Monica Boulevard in West Hollywood, a neighborhood with deep Russian roots.

- 3 oz. potato vodka
- 4 slices muddled seedless cucumber
- ½ oz. fresh lime juice
- Spoonful of sugar

Combine ingredients. Shake. Serve in a birdbath champagne glass. If you don't have a cucumber, a little wedge will do. If you don't have a birdbath glass (shame!), use a martini glass.

Pick Their Poison! Match the celebrities with the booze they endorse.

This month Justin Timberlake joins the ranks of famous fares who promote, or actually distill, their favorite joy juice. We serve up hints on who's shilling (and swilling) what. Bottoms up!

A Premium Limoncello: Bottle is taller than dude who makes it.

B Landy Desir cognac: If you've had your fill of gin and juice.

C Stampede Light Plus beer: It's low in calories; she's low in IQ.

D Rich Prosecco: Champagne in a can...that may give you herpes.

E 901 tequila: Great for doing shots with Jessica Biel.

F Armadale vodka: Ninety-nine problems, but a drink ain't one.

G Russian Ice vodka: Hits your liver harder than Ivan Drago.

1 Jessica Simpson

2 Jay-Z

3 Paris Hilton

4 Danny DeVito

5 Snoop Dogg

6 Sylvester Stallone

7 Justin Timberlake

ANSWERS: A. Danny DeVito B. Snoop Dogg C. Jessica Simpson D. Paris Hilton E. Justin Timberlake F. Jay-Z G. Sylvester Stallone

Is it a matchmaker?

It's the **LG Xenon**. With a QWERTY keyboard and a customizable touch screen interface, it's now faster and easier to get in touch with that special someone.
So, is it a phone? Or something better?

XenonbyLG.com

exclusively at: at&t

LG Life's Good

The first—and only—meeting of the picnic table jousting club.

Destination: Drunkenness!

Seven under-the-radar, out-of-the-way summer swilleries to boat, hike, or otherwise be hellbent on getting to.

1 / Water Taxi Beach
Long Island City, NY
Escape the Baked Apple by hopping a four-minute ferry ride to play volleyball and drink fruity cocktails with fed-up city folk on this sand strip in Queens. watertaxibeach.com

2 / No Name Pub
Big Pine Key, FL
Their motto—"A nice place if you can find it"—rings true when you're downing ice-cold Buds and smoked fish dip in this tiny shack. nonamepub.com

3 / Beer Can Island
Longboat Key, FL
White-trash party mecca for boozy boaters more than lives up to its name and offers unsettling views of the Tampa power plant. No Web site.

4 / Jimbo's Virginia Key, FL
Extremely off-the-beaten-path raw bar where you can enjoy watching manatees frolicking near the dock. 305-361-7026

5 / University of Wisconsin Student Union Terrace
Madison, WI
Sling a jansport over your shoulder and mingle with the crowds of corn-fed coeds flashing fake IDs at this legendary Midwest pickup zone overlooking Lake Mendota. union.wisc.edu/terrace

6 / Shooters on the Water
Cleveland, OH
Pull your dinghy up to this floating party paradise on the Cuyahoga River for a mean Black Angus burger, seizure-inducing light shows, and the occasional crowd-pleasing bikini contest. shootersflats.com

7 / Section 12, Wrigley Field, Day Game
Chicago, IL
Bask in the sun in this primo section (as seen in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*) and wash down a Chicago-style hot dog with a couple of Old Styles as you realize everyone else is skipping work, too. cubs.com

Frozen to Go

The Coleman Rechargeable Portable Blender ($52, amazon.com) has stainless-steel blades, holds 48 oz. of hooch, and makes 20–30 pitchers—all on one full battery charge. Hello, drunken brain freeze!

Frozen Scorpion

- 2 oz. light rum
- ½ oz. brandy
- 1 oz. fresh lemon juice
- 2 oz. orange juice
- ½ oz. orgeat almond syrup

Blend ingredients at high speed with ice and serve in a highball glass. Garnish with a lemon peel and a cherry if you dare. Recipe courtesy of the Chateau Marmont in West Hollywood.

Miami Beach, FL

{KILLER SUMMER COCKTAILS}

The Fountain of Youth

Mixed at: Gansevoort South (Plunge Bar)
Origins: A nod to Ponce de Leon's claim that he found the Fountain of Youth in St. Augustine, Florida, this subtropical drink adds same indigenous ingredients to its rejuvenating properties.

- 2 oz. VeeV Açai spirit
- 3 oz. pure coconut water
- ¾ oz. passion fruit purée
- 1 cherry, 1 lemon, 1 lime, 1 orange

Combine first three ingredients in a mixing glass. Shake and strain over fresh ice. Add cherry and citrus slices. Top with fresh mint.

THE WORLD'S WORST HANGOVER CURES NO. 4
Before boozing, some Puerto Ricans rub lemon on their armpits to stave off a hangover. We tried it, then drank much rum. In the A.M. our citrusy pits could not mask the vomit smell or the Thor's-hammer headache.

Ed Hardy®

by Christian Audigier

LOVE & LUCK™ FOR MEN

THE VINTAGE TATTOO INSPIRED FRAGRANCE
AVAILABLE AT NORDSTROM

SLUMDOG STUNNER

Freida Pinto, star of the
Oscar-winning *Slumdog Millionaire,*
is preparing to land on U.S. soil.
Maybe there's something to
this whole globalization thing after all.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICOLE NODLAND

Slumdog Millionaire won the 2009 Oscar for Best Picture, and star Freida Pinto won our hearts. We'd like to say we've seen the movie 15 times because we're touched by its uplifting story, but really we keep watching hoping we blinked and missed Freida's shower scene. Fortunately, this screen gem wasn't our last chance to get a glimpse of the Indian-born model. She has two Hollywood flicks slated for next year, including a Woody Allen joint. Hmm, wonder if the Woodman will write in a scene where a superhot Indian chick is inexplicably attracted to a withered 90-year-old New Yorker...Oh, Freida, we see a horrifying make-out scene in your future.

IF WE KNEW ANY OF THE 18 MAJOR LANGUAGES SPOKEN IN YOUR NATIVE INDIA, WE'D TELL YOU IN ONE OF THEM THAT YOU ARE EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL. YOU WERE A MODEL BEFORE YOU BECAME AN ACTRESS, RIGHT?

I modeled for two years. After six months of auditioning, I got a call for *Slumdog Millionaire*. I thought this would be just another audition. But to my surprise, I was short-listed and finally selected.

WAS IT HARD TO TRANSITION FROM MODELING TO ACTING? DID PEOPLE THINK YOU WERE JUST TOO GORGEOUS TO PLAY ANORMAL PERSON?

Actually, that's why I feel a film like *Slumdog* is so important for me—it doesn't always show me in the most beautiful light. I have a scar on my face. I have a black eye. Hopefully, people won't see me only as a beautiful model, but also as a great actor.

WE WON'T HOLD YOUR BEAUTY AGAINST YOU. IS MUMBAI AS CRAZY AS IT LOOKS IN THE MOVIE?

Yes, it is. It's quite chaotic, and it's moving at a really, really fast pace—almost like someone has pressed the fast-forward button and won't let go of it.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN WILD GROWING UP THERE.

Absolutely. I think the reason I'm so happy that I was born and raised in India is because it's made me that fighter, not just a survivor, but a fighter as well. It equips you for all kinds of hardships.

YOU'VE BEEN CAST IN A BUNCH OF HOLLYWOOD FLICKS. WHERE WILL YOUR HOME AWAY FROM HOME IN THE STATES BE?

New York. I think it is very similar to Bombay. The chaos is the same.

FINDING A PLACE IN NEW YORK IS TRICKY, FREIDA. YOU CAN CRASH ON OUR FUTON. REALLY, IT'S NOT A PROBLEM.

Woody's Angels

Freida isn't Mr. Allen's first hattie obsession.

CHARLIZE THERON
There's no better sight than the South African goddess...even if she's seducing the nebbishy Allen in *The Curse of the Jade Scorpion*. Scary!

DREW BARRYMORE
Drew tested out her vibrato in *Everyone Says I Love You*, Allen's attempt at crossing a dysfunctional family drama with random song and dance. Silly!

SCARLETT JOHANSSON
Scarlett has been Allen's go-to muse of late, starring in three of his past four films. He even wrote *Scoop* specifically for the buxom blonde. Creepy!

PENÉLOPE CRUZ
Won an Oscar for her hot-tempered artist role in *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*, in which she shared a permanently-imprinted-in-our-minds kiss with ScarJo. Awesome!


WEAR WITH
PURPOSE™
Dickies
dickies.com

the maxim

2009 tech-tacular

+++

Hundreds of gadgets blink, tweet, buzz, and vibrate their way across our desks each year. Sure, we find a lot of said gadgets to be "neato," but there's a small selection of electronic doo-dads that absolutely blow our minds with future-is-now awesomeness. From the hottest high-def camcorder to the smartest cell phone ever, here are the gadgets we want to make half-human, half-wire babies with. Get your tech on, folks!

the smarter phone

the ultimate ultramobile

the connected blu-ray player

the tough hd pocket vidcam

the party-anywhere projector

the sexy pc

the special forces sharp shooters

the future phone

the higher-fi ipod dock

ILLUSTRATIONS, OLLIE BLAND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

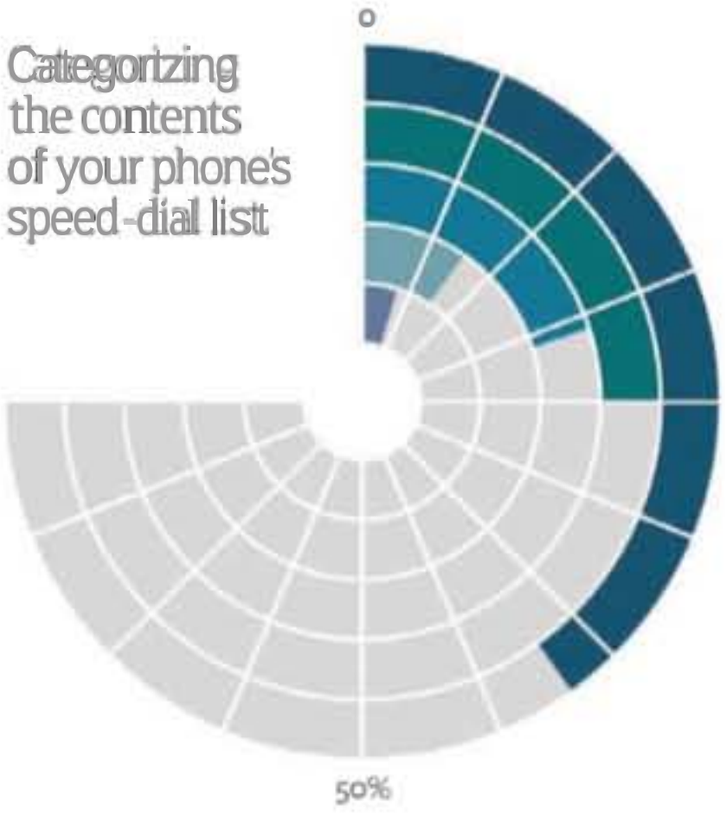
the smarter phone

palm pre

Unless the girls you're into get turned on by your holster-festooned belt, carrying two phones sucks. But slinging two cellies has been a necessary way to keep your personal and professional lives in check. Until the Pre, that is. Palm's new smartphone merges a BlackBerry-ish ease of typing with the "holy shit, that's cool" factor of an iPhone and promises to reduce the number of extraneous bulges in your pants to just one. Its OS seamlessly merges all your digital calendars and contacts, your personal and corporate exchange e-mail, even Facebook—while eliminating duplicate entries. And the Pre has the ability to run more than one application at a time, something even the almighty iPhone still can't handle. Basically this means you can be listening to Internet radio and be playing Bejeweled while you use the slide-out QWERTY keyboard to send e-mails to your boss about how you're stuck in traffic but will be in soon. Man, the future is awesome. Despite all those productivity-minded features, the thing's still sexy—its slim, rounded body is dressed with a 3.1-inch 320X480 screen that multi-touches as well as the iPhone. The Pre is like the opposite of the mullet: Party in the front and business in the rear. We'll make time for both. $TBA, palm.com

CONTACT HIGH

Categorizing the contents of your phone's speed-dial list



FOOD: 40%
- Pizza1, Pizza2
- Outback Steakhouse curbside pickup

CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME YOU CALLED 'EM: 25%
- Nat, who is now a rock star and would be weirded out that you still have his phone number after seven years
- Glen (no idea who Glen is)

WOMEN YOU MET IN BARS: 20%
- Someone named Alisha
- Brenda (secretly listed as Brendan)

NUMBERS DIALED DAILY: 5%
- Mommy
- Local bail bondsman

SERVICES: 10%
- Pool boy
- Gary the drug dealer/baby-sitter
- Old man who pays $5 to watch you pee

Don't do discs? The BD-P4600 can jump online and play any of Netflix's 12,000-plus "Watch Instantly" titles.

the connected blu-ray player
samsung bd-p4600

The Net's ability to deliver an endless supply of kick-ass content to your home theater may eventually mean the death of Blu-ray discs. But that's years in the future, and you have friends to impress and brain cells to waste right now. So check this out: Besides playing Blu-ray Profile 2.0 discs, the BD-P4600 can reach into the Internet and pull out any title from Netflix's wild and weird "Watch Instantly" library on demand (if you're a subscriber). After the movie you can use it to fire up Internet radio superservice Pandora on-screen. While BD movies get cheaper and the quality of Internet video increases, the content war will intensify: Get this gadget, shut your UFC off in, and enjoy the best of both worlds now. **$500, samsung.com**

the party-anywhere projector
benq gp1

Pint-size and lightning-fast, the BenQ GP1 is the Nate Robinson of projectors. And just as the 5'9" Knick proves you don't have to be big to steal highlights, this 1.4-pound, 5¼"x4½"x2" box is leading a wave of fazy-small Pico projectors that will let you bring big-screen show anywhere. This one throws a 100-lumen, SVGA-resolution, 80-inch moving image onto any wide-enough surface (rec-room wall, bedroom ceiling, Kirstie Alley's ass, etc.), and is compatible with everything from laptops to iPhones to PS3s to cable boxes. It's also got a USB reader: Toss it in your backpack and, should the need arise, you can produce thumb-drive evidence of your ability to dunk on an eight-foot rim. Nate-Rob would be proud. **$600, benq.com**

HOW TO: SAVE ON YOUR CELL PHONE BILL!

Calls to Granny costing you big time? Think differently and start shredding your surcharges.

1. SKYPE WITH YOUR CELL.

Our favorite service for making dirt cheap (or free) calls all over the world has jumped to your cell. Skype is now available as an app for the iPhone; it'll soon be available for BlackBerries and the Nokia N97.

2. GO PREPAID.

Tech laggards no more, pay-as-you-go handsets are getting smart: Check the QWERTY-enabled Motorola i465 (pictured left, $TBA). Pair it with Boost's $50/month unlimited talk-text-Web plan. *boostmobile.com*

3. GO TEXT-ONLY.

If you never use your phone to talk and wanna be extreme, get the Peek Pronto. Basically, it's like a BlackBerry without the phone. The device is $80 up front; you pay $20/month for unlimited e-mail and texting. *getpeek.com*

The Soul. A new way to roll.

MP3 Input | Bluetooth | 50+ Accessories | 31 MPG/HWY | $ Starting under $14k | KiaSoul.com

KIA MOTORS
The Power to Surprise

The Bluetooth word mark and logos are registered trademarks owned by Bluetooth SIG, Inc., and any use of such marks by Kia is under license. A Bluetooth-enabled cell phone is required to use Bluetooth wireless technology. MY2010 manufacturer's fuel economy estimates are 26 mpg/city and 31 mpg/hwy for 1.6L. Actual mileage may vary. MSRP for base model is $13,995. MSRP for Soul ! (*exclaim*) with 5-spd M/T as shown is $17,645. Prices include freight, exclude taxes, title, license, options and retailer charges. Actual prices set by retailer.

point*shoot cameras

special farces sharp shooters

The megapixel myth is history. Even tech execs admit there's not much point in pushing digital point 'n' shoot cameras past the 12 MP mark. Deprived of an easy marketing yardstick, the action moves to a new battlefield: Who can crunch the weirdest ideas into the smallest possible box? The summer camera collection of 2009 is all about networking, novelty, and adventure—and offering something other than supersize snapshots that take a fucking week to upload.

SLO-MO MASTER

A concealed-carry incarnation of last year's craziest ultrazoom, the Casio EX-FC100 can burst-shoot faster than DSLRs several times its price and still fits in a shirt pocket. Amazingly, it's almost a match spec-wise for the EX-F1, Casio's $1,000 masterpiece that shoots slo-mo video at up to 1,200 frames per second. This little brother version gets close, grabbing 30 9.1-megapixel stills per second through a 5x zoom lens and records video at more than 1,000 frames per second. Best of all, it's just **$350. casio.com**

RANGE LIFE

High dynamic range isn't just a trendy Photoshop trick: It's a technique that combines multiple exposures to reveal all the detail in a scene, from the inkiest shadows to subtleties within the brightest fields of light. Basically, HDR photos show the world the way your eyeballs see it. The 9 MP Ricoh CX1, equipped with a 28–200 mm zoom lens, 1 cm macro shooting, and 120 frames-per-second VGA video recording, is the first point 'n' shoot to do the technique automatically. It even comes in pink! **$380, ricoh.com**

DEEP SIX SHOOTER

Specs this slim would sink any other $330 box, but the Canon PowerShot D10 doesn't mind getting wet. Like, really wet. Waterproof to 33 feet down, the 12.1 MP cam also chills to 14 degrees and survives four-foot drops—making it a great point 'n' shoot for tomb raiders and lagoon lurkers alike. Try not to dwell too much on its timid 3x optical zoom lens and a sensor that maxes out at ISO 1600. If the price stings, Fujifilm's Z33WP goes to 10 feet underwater for $200. **$330, usa.canon.com**

HTTP ME

The Sony DSC-G3 isn't the first camera with wi-fi built in, but it's the first that also has a Web browser, so while you're shooting 10.1 MP photos of hot-air balloons you can go online and look at photos of hot air balloons that are way better. A minimalist metal block with a 4x optical zoom lens, image stabilization, and 4 GB of built-in storage, it can upload pictures and video directly to YouTube, Shutterfly, Photobucket, or Picasa. Eat it, Flickr! **$500, sonystyle.com**

ILLUSTRATIONS, FROM TOP: SHANE KENNEDY

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

What's hogging up space in your camera's XD card?

1. Arty, sepia-toned stillies of a barren tree
2. YOU girlfriend covering her face in a hotel
3. Shot of guy who kinda looks like Jason Alexander
4. Pies of your buddies flashing gang signs
5. Your girlfriend covering her face at the beach
6. Photos of a guy with a dart stuck in his arm
7. Reserved for pube trimming shots

SKECHERS

MEN'S

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Visit Skechers.com

Each stereo speaker has its own 50-watt amp, which results in more volume for you. Your neighbor? Screw him.

the higher-fi ipod dock

iHome iP1

Converting your CD collection to MP3s saves shelf and hard-drive space, but it won't do your eardrums any favors. A compressed file suffers a degraded bit rate, meaning sonic metadata gets dumped faster than an octogenarian on *Rock of Love*. The result: flimsy highs and lackluster lows. Nevertheless, it's still possible to get a bigger sound from your little files. iHome's latest media player dock boasts an active equalizer that enables the system's four-inch woofers, one-inch tweeters, and class-D bi-amplifier to pump out tunage that's decidedly more direct and dynamic. By monitoring frequency levels, the iP1's Digital PowerStation (compliments of Bongiovi Acoustics) identifies and fills in missing data bits. And that luscious, translucent faceplate isn't just for looks. It serves as a baffle to reduce reverberation and optimize the iP1's dispersion pattern. Translation: 100 watts of precise, pristine sibilance and deep bass. All for just three bills. iSold! **$300, ihomeaudio.com**

SOUND FIX

Three cheap gadgets that'll make your songs sound better.

CREATIVE LABS SOUND BLASTER X-FI NOTEBOOK
Garbage in, garbage out? Not necessarily. A lousy file can't magically cop the fidelity of 180-gram vinyl. But switching to this external sound card will reduce the interference you'll otherwise hear when your PC's internal digital-to-analog converter processes your MP3s. Its processor simulates 24-bit sound by massaging minute harmonic gaps at the low and high ends. Windows only.
$90, us.creative.com

SAMSUNG P3
Discerning audiophiles and budding sound-hounds alike will relish the P3. Samsung's newest touchscreen PMP features a seven-band master equalizer that lets you custom-tweak levels (good luck doing that on an iPod) or choose from 12 EQ presettings. Better yet, the player's DNSe upscaler rounds out the high (and some mid) frequencies you lose with a downgraded file. One bummer—it's not Mac-compatible. **From $150 for 8 GB, samsung.com**

SRS IWOW ADAPTER
This little device amps up your iPod experience by tapping into psychoacoustics (how sound is perceived) to bolster your music. Sure, its moniker is about as hyperbolic as a Kanye blog post, but the iWOW lives up to its name. Beyond restoring lost fidelity, it highlights subtle, understated bits of audio to make songs feel more bassy or less trebly without radically altering frequencies. What that means: more eargasms.
$70, srslabs.com

HOW TO: TRANSFER MUSIC OFF OF AN IPOD

Get "Since U Been Gone" off that vintage iPod and onto your new computer.

MANUAL (GOOD)
If you're using Windows, click "manually manage songs" for the iPod in iTunes. Then click on the iPod on your desktop, check "view hidden files" and drag the *Just Married* soundtrack from the iPod-control folder to your computer's music folder.

AUTOMATIC (BETTER)
Manually moving ditties costs playlists and ratings; thankfully, there are free programs like Pod to Mac (or Pod to PC). Just sort through your library and select the songs to steal—er, transfer!

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS
Use a claw hammer.

An integrated GPS turns this tiny laptop into a turn-by-turn navigation system. Feeling lost? Strap this PC to your face.

the ultimate ultramobile

sony vaio P

With sub-$1,000 price tags and cute names like Wind and Tee, the cheapo laptops now known as netbooks are outselling every other kind of computer on the market. Unfortunately, their cramped keyboards, low-res screens, and processors that can barely handle a 1993 version of Doom make most of 'em good for little more than basic e-mail. That's why we dig Sony's new P Series: It has the svelte size and weight of a netbook (9.6"x4.7"x.78", 1.4 pounds) with the brains of a notebook—its 1.33 GHz processor and 2 GB RAM provide enough muscle to run a big-boy OS (like the upcoming Windows 7) without a hitch. Its eight-inch LED-lit screen is actually smaller than most of the competition, but thanks to its ultrawide 1,600x768 resolution, the Vaio P handles HD video. Meanwhile, most netbooks are lucky if they can get through a YouTube vid of a sneezing panda without freezing up. It's even got a built-in turn-by-turn GPS. Unfortunately, the P's starting price of $900 will keep it out of impulse purchase territory. But, hey, small, fast, cheap—pick two. From $900, sonystyle.com

HOW TO: MAKE YOUR OWN WI-FI HOT SPOT ON THE FLY

Use your 3G phone for high-speed Net anywhere!

3: ANDROID

If you have a T-Mobile G1, grab the Tetherbot app (free) and go through the step-by-step instructions filled with SOCKS proxies and other nerd jargon. Not like you had other plans on Saturday night, right?

1. SYMBIAN S60

Have a Nokia phone? It probably uses this OS. Download and install the easy-peasy JoikuSpot (free). After a few keypad clicks, your phone will show up as an access point on your laptop. Bam!

2. WINDOWS MOBILE

If you've got an LG, HTC, or Samsung smartphone, it probably runs this OS. All you need to do is flip the "Internet Sharing" switch on your phone. You can also shell out a few bucks for WMWifiRouter ($30), which will show you how much battery power you have left (download that elephant porn before your phone goes dead!).

4. iPHONE

As of press time, Apple and AT&T have a plan in the works to enable 3G tethering on the Jesusphone (iPhone 3G). But if you can't wait, hit up 3gtethering.com for a hack-filled work-around.

A caveat: Make sure you're on an unlimited data plan before using your phone as a hot spot: $250 cell phone bills aren't hot at all. And go easy on the bit torrenting: "Unlimited" in bloodsucker phone-carrier terms usually has a 5 GB/month cap.

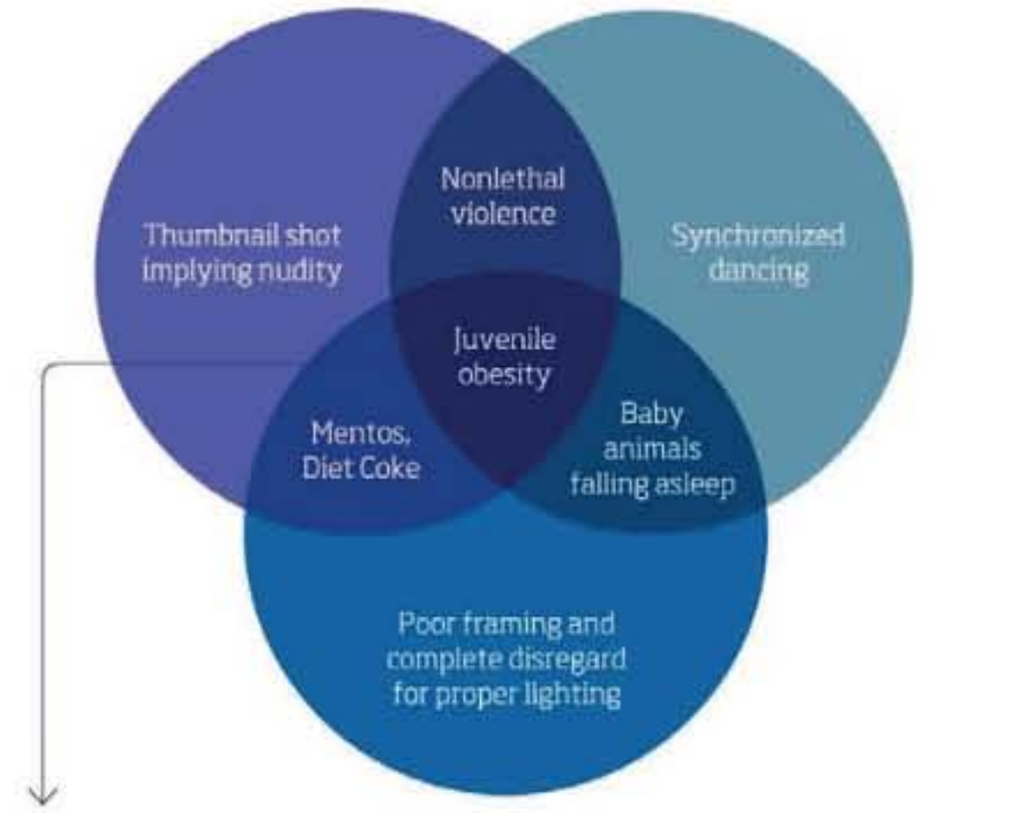
× A two-inch LCD screen allows you to instantly play footage back in frame-by-frame slow motion. Who's up for a beach jog?

the tough hd pocket videocam
kodak zx1

Pocketable, flash-based videocameras are clever and fun, but the footage most of 'em shoot looks like ass when blown up big on your HD boob tube. That's why we welcome with open palms the new Kodak Zx1, which records up to 10 hours of ridiculously clear 720p HD video. Besides being tough (water, freeze, and dirt resistant), it's progressive—you can review footage on the two-inch LCD screen, edit and upload to YouTube with built-in software, and screen on any HDTV with the included HDMI cable. In other words, the Zx1's all you need to create the kind of high-res, low-taste content that will make your family cringe in shame. Dad, can you please stop crying? $180, kodak.com

THE PERFECT YOUTUBE

Gather these ingredients, press record, become instant Internet sensation, thank us later.



If you can find these seven elements in your vid, "YouTube sensation" will soon precede your name. If you can find a pattern that looks like this on your back, see your dermatologist immediately.

ILLUSTRATIONS, JAMIE EMERSON

HOW TO: TAKE THE ULTIMATE FACEBOOK PROFILE PHOTO

Get ready, handsome, your exes are about to regret those restraining orders.

1. LIGHT RIGHT
Ease off the bright lights. "Use soft light entering through a window to avoid heavy shadows," suggests New York headshot photographer Douglas Gorenstein.

2. LOOK CHISELED
Lower your jaw a bit and extend that bloated face forward from the neck. Shave off even more pix pounds by holding the camera slightly above your eye line, chubby.

3. LOOSEN UP
It's hard not being self-conscious, when you're trying to look cool. Fake like your laughing when the shutter snaps. You'll appear genuine and you'll appear more laid-back, like the man.

4. HIDE IN SIGHT
Create a distraction. "Make a ridiculously funny face—that way nobody will know how funny looking you really are," advises nightlife photographer Nicky Digital. Thanks!

5. RETOUCH IT
When all else fails, employ the magic powers of Photoshop (clone stamp, healing brush) to cover up your many hits from the old ugly stick. Hey, man, you look great!

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boostmobile.com

the sexy pc

lenovo a600

Until now it's taken a special (OK, weird) kind of guy to see sexiness in the profile of a Windows PC. But even the most manicured Mac fanboy would have to admit that Lenovo's ultrathin IdeaCentre A600 desktop is the sexiest PC ever. The sleek all-in-one unit's 21.5-inch HD screen and hidden speakers and sub make it perfect for doing double duty as a bedroom TV (its sweet remote control/air mouse and wireless keyboard aren't shown); a Core 2 Duo processor, optional ATI Radeon graphics card, and up to 4 GB of DDR3 memory provide enough muscle to play intensive games like Crysis as well. Sure, you could install MS Office, but this rig's best features are ill geared to help you avoid work altogether. from $999, lenovo.com

the future phone

iriver wave home

iRiver's Wave Home makes phone calls over the Internet, browses the Internet, and plays video, games, and photos on a seven-inch 800x480 touchscreen display. A wi-fi video phone wedded to a 1 GB entertainment-spewing box small enough to sit on a kitchen counter or a bedside table, this thing fits in well with flying cars, trips to Mars, and anything else promised by *The Jetsons*. Best of all, the Wave is built with open-source software: Its killer app is the fact that you will be able to write its killer app. If you dream of downloading music and browsing the Web from your breakfast table, all while playing face-to-face mahjong against your girlfriend's mother in Korea, this magic box will make it happen. about $400, iriver.com

Contributors: Dan Bergstein, Rob Beschizza, Stan Horaczek, Steven Levy, James Lee, Steve Mastrocchi

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Her character may be hosting the world's worst wedding on CBS's mega murder-mystery series *Harper's Island,* but **Katie Cassidy** is still the girl with whom we'd most like to chicken dance.

BY MIKE OLSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE SHAW

We thought our new favorite TV show, *Hunter's Island*, couldn't get any better after Harry Hamlin was disemboweled in the first episode. Then we saw Katie Cassidy, starring as Trish Wellington, the radiant bride whose destination wedding becomes a destination bloodbath, the gorgeous Katie helped us understand why everyone would remain on a cursed island even as guests are getting offed one by one. As America embraces the show's unique mix of horror movie and soap opera, we talked to Katie (the daughter of David "Partridge Family" Cassidy!) about what awaits her when she returns to the mainland.

PLEASE RUIN THE SHOW FOR US: ARE YOU THE KILLER?

Everyone is a suspect! It's an emotional roller coaster for Trish, and there's definitely history there with a lot of her friends. Who knows? Maybe she'll turn into bridezilla on us.

WHAT WAS THE VIBE LIKE ON SET?

It was like *Survivor*—who's going to be the next person to pack their bags and leave? We were completely in the dark. We didn't know who the killer was or who was going to get killed next until we got the scripts. One day someone would just be gone.

HOW WOULD THE VICTIM GET THE BAD NEWS?

One of our producers was the grim reaper. When someone got the call to talk to him in private, you knew. Like, "Oh, shit, this is it!" I don't like secrets, so I was probably the most annoying cast member!

IS THERE A REASON YOU'RE A BRUNETTE IN THE SHOW EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE USUALLY A BLONDE?

Trish is this rich debutante living in Seattle, so I dyed my hair because it took me out of the California thing. I'm brunette right now, and it's interesting to see how people react. When I was blonde, it was almost as if people didn't take me as seriously. Like, "Oh, here's another blonde girl." I don't think it's fair.

IS THAT ALSO WHY YOU DIDN'T KEEP THOSE ENORMOUS PROSTHETIC BOOBS YOU WORE IN *CLICK*?

You know what? I love being flat! When I had to have those giant, giant boobs in *Click*, it was painful. I realized why people with huge boobs have back problems. I could not wait to be done with that shoot. I think being flat is sexy.

YOU'LL BE PLAYING THE UPDATED VERSION OF HEATHER LOCKLEAR'S FAMOUSLY BITCHY CHARACTER, AMANDA, ON THE UPCOMING *MELROSE PLACE* REMAKE. WILL YOU BE ROCKING BUSINESS SUITS?

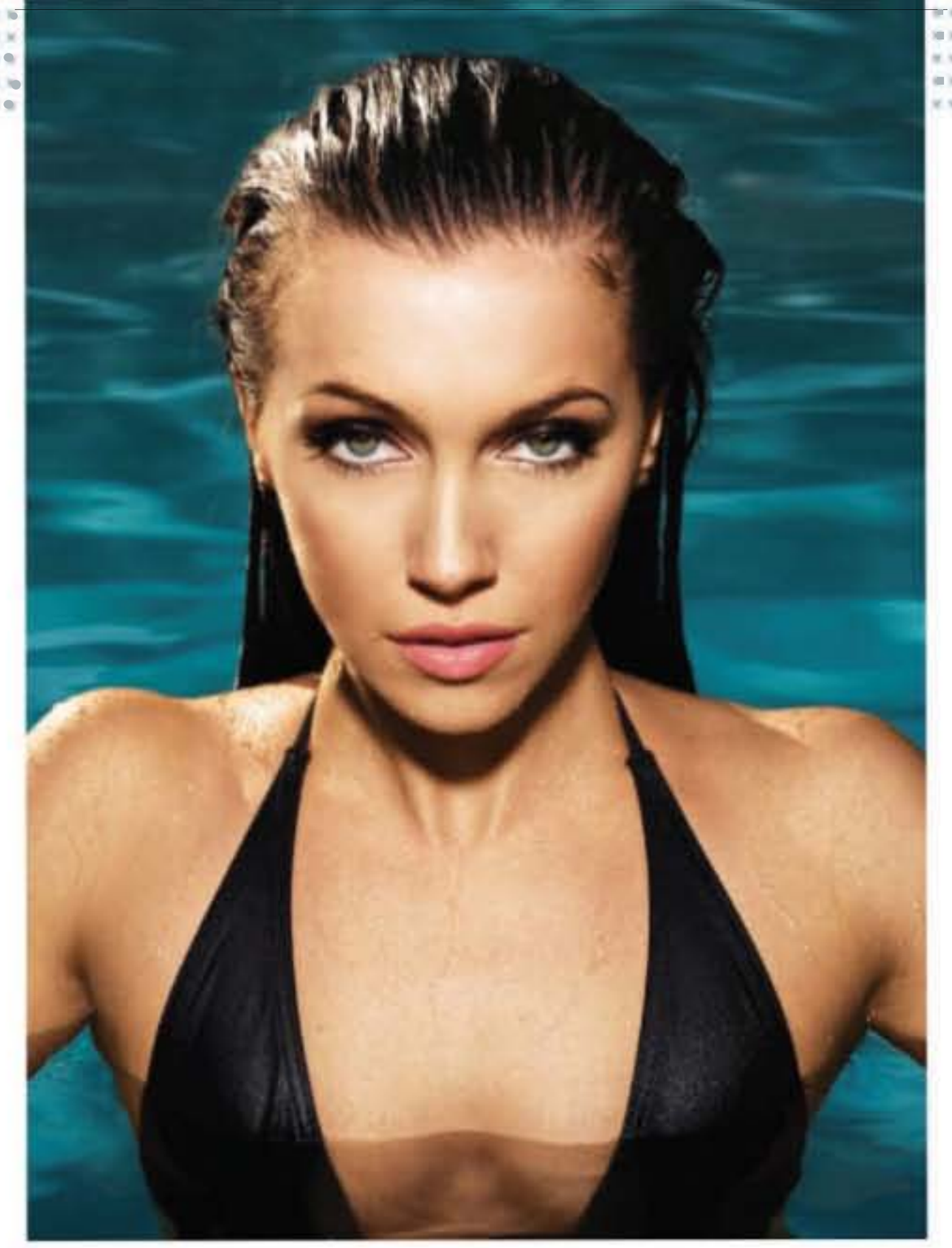
For the love of God, please don't put me in shoulder pads! My character is a bitch, but you love her. And she's definitely a fashionista. They're going to dress me in the top of the top. I'm like, "You don't mind if I borrow this Louis Vuitton bag, do you?"

YOU'RE ALSO LINED UP FOR THE MOVIE VERSION OF *DALLAS*.

If that ever happens.

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BEAT OUT GIRLS LIKE LINDSAY LOHAN AND JESSICA SIMPSON?

I got cast in that role three years ago when I was 19. It gave me a lot of opportunities, but the movie hasn't been shot yet. If Fox gets



it together and I'm still available, I would love to do it. The whole experience has taught me that you can't put all your eggs in one basket.

HOW CREEPY IS IT THAT SO MANY WOMEN LUSTED AFTER YOUR DAD?

It's freaking weird. Just last night this guy asked me, "What's it like to know your dad was one of the sexiest men in Hollywood?" And I was like, "Ew! No!" He's so not!

TRY TELLING THAT TO A FEW MILLION 58-YEAR-OLD WOMEN.

I used my stepdad's last name in school because all these weird moms wouldn't leave me alone. I was like, I know he was on a TV show, and I know he had a song, but why do all these moms know who he is?

Harper's Island airs Thursdays at 10 P.M. on CBS.

That '70s Spawn

David Cassidy's kid Katie wasn't the only bottle conceived by a disco-era icon

ALEXANDRA AND THEODORA RICHARDS

Who'd've guessed Keith's wrinkled genes could beget such dewy progeny?

"LIX" D."

RASHIDA JONES

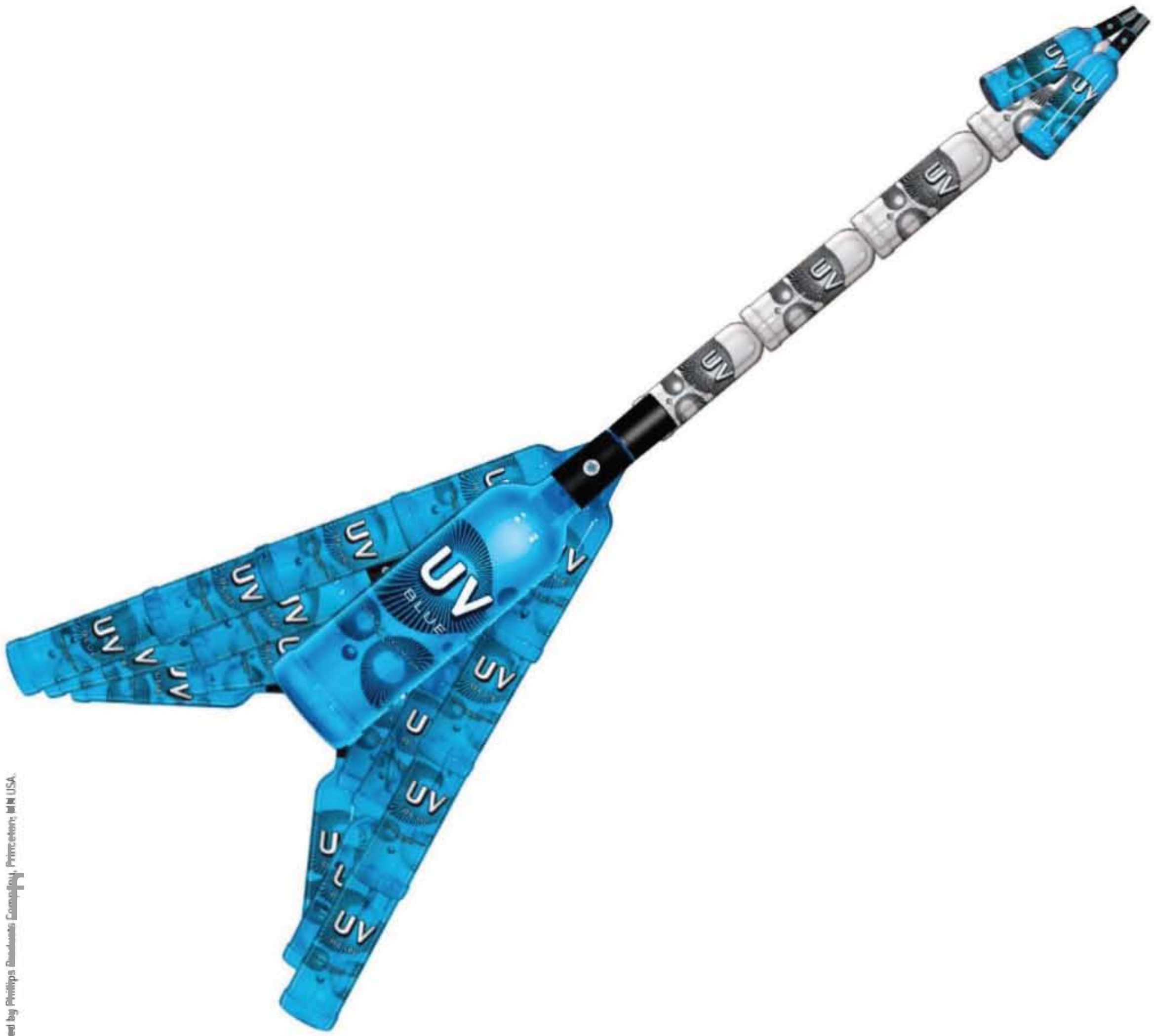
The *Parks and Recreation* star acted at Harvard and has since proved to her dad, mogul Quincy, it was tuition money well spent.

LIV TYLER

She's been in dad Steven's Aerosmith videos, many hit flicks, and—thanks to her *Lord of the Rings* role—even speaks Elf. Hot!

ANGELINA JOLIE

Thank God for *Deliverance* actor Jon Voight. His baby-collecting daughter's success makes us want to squeal like a pig.



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"When I was blonde, it was almost like people didn't take me seriously."

Victoria's Secret swimsuit **Ellie** heels

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skydiving through
a raincloud?

Ever tried 5 Gum?

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"I Like to Punish People"

At 6'3" and nearly 300 pounds of turbocharged muscle, UFC heavyweight champ Brock Lesnar is like nothing the sports world has seen before. And now he's facing the biggest test of his career.

BY NATE PENN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MANN

IS THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE GEOGRAPHically chartable? What are its coordinates? By any chance do the stores there sell artificial vaginas for collecting bull semen? If so, Alexandria, Minnesota (pop. 11,000), halfway between Minneapolis and Fargo, North Dakota, might very well be it.

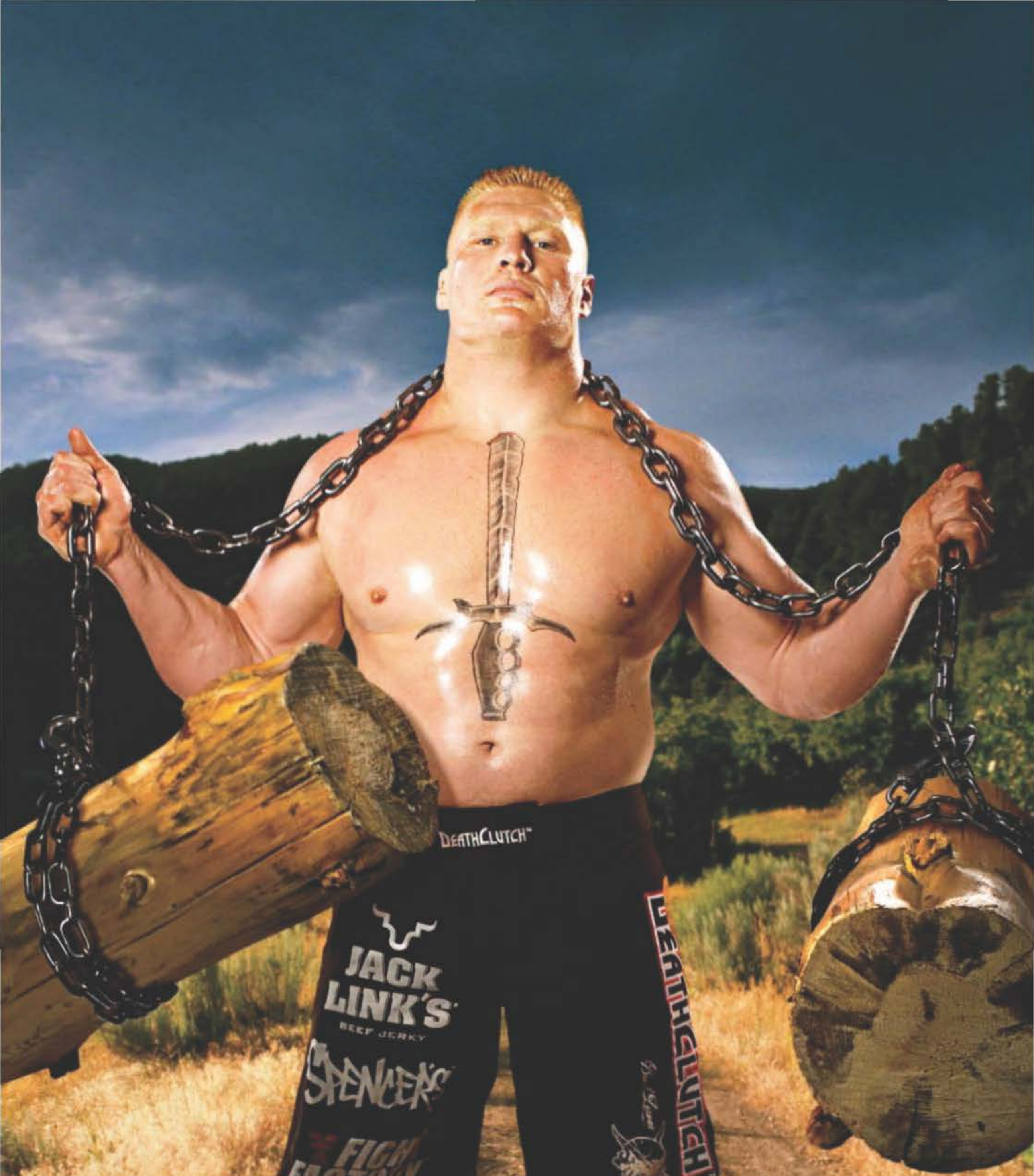
On a frigid morning in early March, a man parks his '89 Dodge pickup in front of a large shed in an industrial section of Alexandria. He wears a huge black parka that—well, on second glance, it turns out to be a hoodie. The illusion of parka-ness comes from the man's massive bulk. At 6'3" and nearly 300 pounds, he's like Sasquatch in sweats. On November 15, 2008, this man, Brock Lesnar—previously an NCAA wrestling national champion, a WWE superstar, and a late cut from the Minnesota Vikings training camp—won the heavyweight title of the Ultimate Fighting Championship by knocking out UFC legend Randy Couture in a devastating display of barely controlled violence. It was just his fourth professional mixed martial arts competition.

Inside the shed is a small room that's carpeted from wall to wall in thick black corrugated rubber. There are treadmills, shelves of dumbbells in five-pound increments from five pounds to 125 (Lesnar uses the heaviest for shoulder presses, but good luck trying to lift one), and beyond, a spacious, high-ceilinged gym. Within a couple of minutes Lesnar's coach, Marty Morgan, and training partner, Chris Tuchscherer, arrive, each of them having driven more than 100 miles to get here.

We're a long way from Vegas, where many UFC fighters live and train. On the other hand, we're close to gun stores, ice fishing holes, and large edible animals, all of which rank high among the amenities favored by Lesnar. "Everything in here is mine," he says defiantly, looking around. "It's a controlled environment. I don't have to have people in here that I don't want around." He ducks into the gym's tiny dressing room and minutes later emerges naked except for a pair of black training shorts. If I were supposed to fight him, this is the part where I'd forfeit.

For years steroid rumors have dogged Lesnar, and certainly there's something brazen about a physique like his at this particular moment in sports history. His 56-inch chest looks like it was made to be draped with shackles; it's the torso of a man who, in another time, might have led a galley slaves' rebellion. His slit-eyed, crew-cut head is like a boulder you might find lying around Easter Island. He seems simultaneously mythological, like a golem, and cartoonish, like the Thing.

Lesnar tunes in to an all-metal station on the radio, and a P.O.D. track begins churning through the room. A few warmup exercises later, he and Tuchscherer don gloves and begin sparring. "Forward, forward!" Lesnar yells, but Tuchscherer, a beefy, dopey-sweet blond kid who weighs 265, can't stop retreating. As Lesnar hammers him with fists the size of cinder blocks, Tuchscherer covers his face. Behind his gloves you can see him wincing in fear—a strange sight in a man so large. He inches tentatively toward Lesnar; all he's doing, it seems, is trying not to be a pussy. Finally, the inevitable: Lesnar lands a huge, crunching shot to the side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of Tuchscherer's head—and then turns away, suddenly bored. It's not easy for the baddest man in sports to find a worthy foe.

Meanwhile Tuchscherer leans against the wall, blinking and working his jaw and facial muscles. "I was so dizzy I would have fallen over if I didn't grab the wall," he says later. "I had to gather my brain up again." On that morning, I'm later told, Lesnar was sparring at just 70 percent of his full strength.

* * * *

"I LIKE TO PUNISH PEOPLE," LESNAR SAYS MILDLY. HIS WORKOUT IS done, and beating the tar out of Tuchscherer appears to have put him into a state of blissful relaxation. From a bench at the far end of the gym, he gestures toward the mats. "It's a feeling you can't get anywhere else, really. If I did it to somebody on the street, I'd get sued or arrested."

Instead Lesnar, by fusing the showmanship he learned as a professional wrestler with the athletic gifts that won him an NCAA championship, is quickly becoming the greatest pay-per-view star of our time. Last year, his first in the UFC, his fights took three of the top five places among bestselling events. Largely because of the 2.2 million buys he generated, the UFC smashed the all-time record, set by the WWE during its glory days in 2001, for pay-per-view revenue by a single organization in a calendar year. And boxing? "Boxing is done. It's fucking over, man," says UFC president Dana White, a former boxer himself. "Remember in boxing when you'd want to see the big fight, but they could never make it happen? Well, all our fighters are under contract. We make the fights that the fans want to see right now."

Today, even as the first generation of UFC stars begin to approach retirement, Lesnar's box office appeal is expanding the sport's fan base. He's been pushed accordingly, earning a shot at the heavyweight title in just his third fight. "If Brock Lesnar was never in the WWE," says Frank Mir, against whom Lesnar will mount his first title defense on July 11, "he would never have gotten a title shot. And he knows that. But that's how people get paid. The bottom line is it's not always about who's a better fighter."

Brock Lesnar grew up desperately poor on his family's dairy farm in Webster, South Dakota, a town so sparsely populated it makes Alexandria look like New York. As a kid, he says, "I was always fascinated by strength. Arnold was an idol of mine." Lesnar wrestled in high school, but without any overarching sense of purpose. "I thought I was gonna

be a farmer," he says. A discouraging stint with the National Guard led to an epiphany: "I wanted to go to school. I wanted to wrestle. I wanted to be something other than what I was."

At Bismarck State in 1998, Lesnar won the national junior college title. A year later, and an astounding 50 pounds heavier, he transferred to the University of Minnesota. In his two years there, Lesnar would go 50-2, capture two Big Ten titles, and, as a senior in 2000, win an NCAA heavyweight championship.

He could have pursued Team USA in Sydney that year but didn't. "After I won the national title, I was pretty exhausted," Lesnar says, not very convincingly. He also could have tried out for the NFL; the Redskins and Bues both made offers, even though he hadn't played football since high school. In all, three avenues opened to him, but only one had Vince McMahon standing at the end of it holding a check for a quarter of a million dollars. In the spring Lesnar announced his decision to switch from real sports to fake, and the WWE dispatched him to Ohio Valley Wrestling in Louisville, Kentucky—the minor leagues. He says the 15 months he spent there were like something out of *The Wrestler*: "I was setting the ring up and tearing the ring down. I was wrestling in bars and bingo halls and Catholic churches."

Fantasy Fight Card UFC brawls we'd like to see

OBAMA VS. OSAMA

6'1"	6'5"
170 lbs.	160 lbs.

WINNER: OBAMA

While the gangly Al Queda villain has a longer reach, it's tough to duck Obama's Ali-like jabs while tethered to a dialysis machine.

ANISTON VS. JOLIE

5'5"	5'8"
110 lbs.	120 lbs.

WINNER: JOLIE

After her army of third-world orphans distract the child-hungry Aniston, Jolie turns out the lights with a spinning back kick.

O'REILLY VS. OLBERMANN

6'4"	6'3"
210 lbs.	195 lbs.

WINNER: OLBERMANN

Despite O'Reilly's vigor and prowess with a loofah, our money's on Keith's massive noggin delivering a lethal head butt.

50 CENT VS. RICK ROSS

6'0"	6'0"
215 lbs.	275 lbs.

WINNER: 50 CENT

Ross is a buffet-loving former prison CO; Fitty survived nine gunshots. Look for a jaw-cracking right to the chinstrap beard.

COLBERT VS. A BEAR

5'11"	14'
170 lbs.	1,400 lbs.

WINNER: BEAR

It was only a matter of time before the Bear Nation got its vengeance. One swipe leaves Colbert deader than the GOP.

SIMPSON VS. GRIFFIN

6'0"	6'0"
239 lbs.	300 lbs.

WINNER: HOMER

Homer's faced aliens, cannonballs, and an octopus. He snaps his fingers and helper monkey Mojo snaps Griffin's neck.

Some fighters cried foul when Lesnar was given a title bout against MMA legend Randy Couture in 2008 (previous page), but his victory put any doubt to rest. His rematch next month against Frank Mir (left, getting pummeled by Lesnar in their first match) promises to be the biggest fight in UFC history.

Realizing that it was about to lose the Rock, its biggest star, to Hollywood, the WWE latched on to Lesnar, and just five months after his TV debut made him, at 25, its youngest champ ever. He signed a seven-year contract reportedly worth $45 million.

"When you get money and you've never had it before, maybe you want to show it off," Lesnar acknowledges. "I acted foolishly." He owned four homes, a private plane, two Hummers, a Mercedes. "Did you put any money away? Could you retire today if you wanted to?" I ask. "That's private," he says curtly. "But if Obama keeps spending our money like this, I'll have to fight till I'm 50."

The kind of rampant drug and alcohol abuse depicted in *The Wrestler*—to say nothing of the physical abuse—took its toll. In the Survivor Series in November 2002, Lesnar performed his signature finishing move, the F-5, on the Big Show, a wrestler who stands seven feet tall and weighs 485 pounds. Draping his opponent over his shoulders, Lesnar wobbled a moment, then flung Big Show to the canvas. "I had three broken ribs and a bad knee," Lesnar recalls. "During that period I would take a couple Vicodin and wash 'em down with a few slugs of vodka. That's what got me through. The ribs didn't heal for another eight months, because there's no off-season in pro wrestling. We were in New Jersey, I believe." He thinks for a moment. "I can't even remember where I was, hardly."

Lesnar knows he owes his fame to his WWE career, but he seems to view the company as insidious, controlling, a kind of cult: "You get so brainwashed. You're on the road 300 days a year, and that's why guys get so messed up. This life becomes a part of them. It's not real, but some guys who are still in the business think it is. You look at Mickey Rourke in *The Wrestler*—he just couldn't let it go. You live a double life. I was tired of trying to be who I was in the ring and then coming home for two days to be normal. They didn't allow you to be. The guys who get out, are the smart ones, really and truly."

After a four-night tour of South Africa in early 2003, Lesnar bailed on his contract, and announced he would next try out for the NFL. "He's a project with a capital P," said one scout, though nobody could gainsay the outrageous power and speed of the wannabe D-lineman who could bench 475 pounds, squat 700, and run the 40 in 4.65 seconds. The Vikings signed him, but from day one of training camp it was clear that the dude was raw; out of frustration he provoked a couple of fights in exhibition games. "If I can't outplay you in football, I'm gonna fight ya," he says fiercely. He was cut at the end of camp. Two months later he announced he was reinventing himself yet again, as a mixed martial artist. He won his first fight, for the Japanese league K-1 Hero, in 69 seconds.

• • • •

LESNAR'S BEEN NOTORIOUSLY TOUCHY WHEN REPORTERS ASK HIM about steroids. Last August he sat down with an ESPN camera crew. "My interview was over," he says. "And then all of a sudden, 'Oh, wait, we've got a few more questions.'" He shakes his head. "Then they ask me about steroids." He's indignant on this most delicate of subjects. "I've never in my life tested positive for steroids. What do you want me to say?" He got up, thanked the crew for their time, and walked out.

"Doing that raised more questions than it answered," I note.

He talks quickly and emphatically. "I bet you I've taken over 60 steroid tests. In college I had 15 random drug tests in two years. I've taken drug tests for the NFL, the WWE, the UFC. I must be pretty good at masking steroids. God gave me this body. Are you jealous of it or what? Give me a break. I got the genetics of—not to get into racism or anything—but I'm built like a black man. Would you say so?"

"There's a difference between saying, 'I've never tested positive,' and saying, 'I've never taken steroids,'" I point out.

"How isn't it the same thing?" he says. "It's all genetics. I wouldn't say we're all created equal. That's just to make the other guys feel good who don't have what you've got."

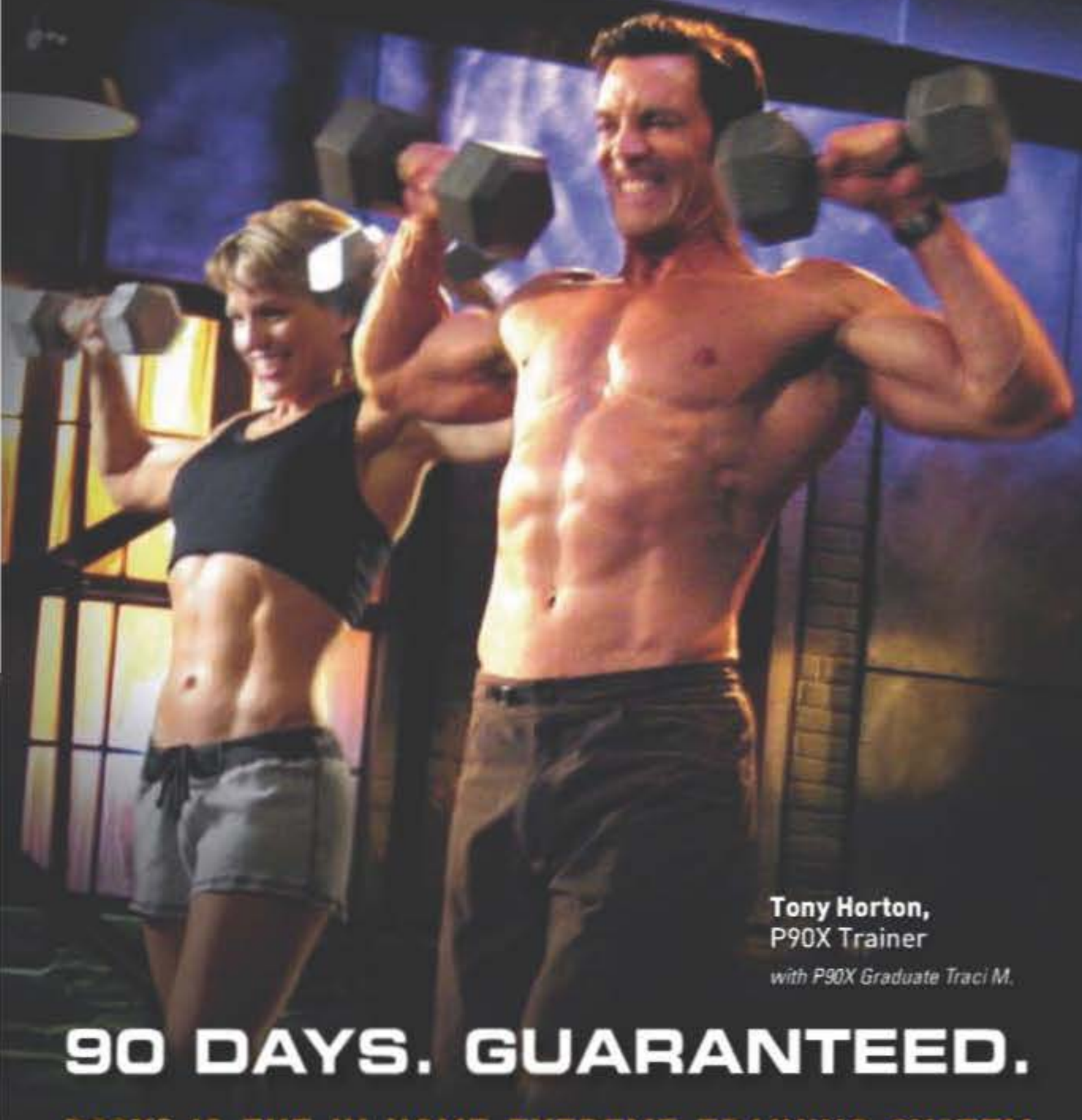
• • • •

IN 2007 LESNAR SHOWED UP AT A UFC EVENT AND BUTTONHOLED White, the UFC president. "He said, 'I want to fight in the UFC,'" White recalls. "I said, 'We'd love to have you here someday.' 'Nah, nah, I want to fight in the UFC now.'"

Lesnar's sales pitch was compelling. "There's not another fighter in the UFC that looks like me," he declares, recounting his conversation with White, "that has the star power that I've got. I'm known all over the world because I was a pro wrestler. I've been to 30 different countries that know my name. I put asses in the seats, and I sell pay-per-views."

In his much-hyped debut at UFC 81, in February of 2008, Lesnar met Frank Mir, then 28. The fight was an instant classic. At the opening bell Lesnar rushed at Mir, whom he outweighs by 15 pounds, taking him to the canvas like a Doberman bowling over a terrier. He was mashing ▶▶

READY TO GET RIPPED?



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P90X Trainer
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Mir's face into gazpacho, seemingly just seconds away from scoring a TKO, when the referee controversially assessed him a penalty. A time-out was called. Moments later Lesnar brought down Mir a second time. The beating went on and on, but the ref still didn't stop the fight. Finally a bloodied Mir wriggled free, caught Lesnar in a knee-bar, and forced him to tap out. Total time of match: one minute, 30 seconds. Afterward Mir, the victor, looked like he'd been hit with a baseball bat. Lesnar's face was completely unmarked, unless a dark shadow of rage counts.

On July 11, in his first title defense, Lesnar will meet Mir again in UFC 100, expected to be the biggest, most lucrative fight in the history of the sport. But he's still fuming about their last match. "Frank knows deep down that he lost that fight," Lesnar growls. "He got a Christmas present." White himself, who claims he never criticizes UFC refs, concurs: "That referee has no business being in this business."

Mir, a former strip-club bouncer, doesn't hide his contempt for the showbiz guy who made his fortune fighting pretend fights. "Through the grapevine we found out that Brock hired lawyers to look over the officiating rules, but they couldn't find nothing wrong with any of it. I look at it as a great victory. He couldn't put me away with his power. Brock was trying to win the fight real quickly by landing a couple shots and not doing damage. That's not really an honorable way to try to win."

A camera captured Lesnar in the locker room postfight, conferring with White. "It ain't over," he insisted. Then he added, less certainly, "I hope it ain't." At 31 years old, Lesnar had already tried and abandoned every lucrative avenue of employment available to him. If ultimate fighting didn't work out, what was he going to do, squeeze himself behind a desk like Mr. Incredible? The expression on his face as he looked at Dana White said it plainly: I have no plan B.

He didn't have to worry. White pitted him next against Heath Herring, a.k.a. the Texas Crazy Horse, a.k.a. cannon fodder. Lesnar's first punch broke Herring's orbital bone. "There was no way I was going to lose," he says. For approximately 12 of the next 15 minutes, Lesnar was like a cobra devouring a mouse—patient, grim, inescapable. "Can you see me now?" he shouted to the crowd after winning by decision. It was, he says, a message "to all the critics that didn't think I could produce in the Octagon."

Despite Lesnar's unimpressive 1-1 record, White promptly steered him into a title fight against a UFC icon, Randy Couture. "Yeah, he's a great wrestler, but he was outweighed and he's past his prime," says Lesnar. In the second round Lesnar landed a right to Couture's temple, sending him to the canvas. Lesnar pounced and, straddling him, began bashing his head. Moments later the ref called the fight. For only the third time in his storied career, Couture had been knocked out. Lesnar was the new champ.

Does Frank Mir stand a chance in UFC 100? Did he get lucky in his first fight against Lesnar? Isn't a more experienced Lesnar, who was already bigger and stronger, unstoppable? "I'm gonna murder him," Lesnar says. "I count the days and the nights before I get to do that."

"All I remember from last time," says Mir, who once snapped an opponent's forearm with a submission, "is him whimpering and wincing as I was tapping him." Mir has studied Lesnar's career, going all the way back to his NCAA days. "If you watched when he wrestled in college," he observes, "his abilities were not very technical. He used his size and his power. He won matches by one and two points, drew the pace down, got real boring." He says Lesnar fundamentally remains that kind of fighter and that Lesnar's strategy will play directly into his own legendary submission skills. White calls Mir "one of the two greatest heavyweight submission guys ever." "There's no way anybody can roll with me for 15 minutes and not get tapped," Mir says. "It's just impossible."

When Lesnar decided to quit the WWE and try his hand with the Vikings, scouts were bowled over by his freakish physicality. Even in the NFL you don't find guys who can bench 475 pounds, squat 700, and run the 40 in 4.65 seconds.

* * * *

AN ASSISTANT IS OILING LESNAR'S BODY. GLEAMING, HE LOOKS unreal, Photoshopped; I'm reminded of the strange sense you have when he fights that you're watching something computer-generated, some kind of CGI monster in a movie, because of his combination of unnatural hugeness and unnatural lightness on his feet.

On the surface, Lesnar would seem to be a natural for Hollywood, following in the footsteps of his idols, like Schwarzenegger, and his former rivals, like the Rock. After all, even without special effects, he looks more Hulk-like than any of the movie versions. But Lesnar maintains he is simply an athlete. "I ain't gonna walk over to Hollywood and say I'm the next Rock," he says. "It may not look like I've got a brain sometimes, but I do. I'm not a movie star. Just because I had a stint in wrestling doesn't mean that I can act. You watch some of these other guys that moved on to the movies, like John Cena or Stone Cold Steve Austin, and it just doesn't look that good to me."

"I'm gonna murder Mir," says Lesnar. "I count the days and nights until I can do that."

That's not to say he's uncomfortable in front of the camera. Approaching him, I'm hit by the cloying scent of the oil smeared all over his torso. We're talking about Frank Mir when I interrupt to joke, "You smell delicious, by the way." I do know what I was thinking: There's something comical about an enormous man who's basically wearing perfume. But as soon as I utter those words, I realize I've fucked up massively. Galactically. You do not make sexually ambiguous quips to a man who grapples intimately with other men for a living.

Lesnar's eyes narrow. His lips tighten. "What?" he asks. His tone is equal parts malevolence and disgust.

"What is that smell?" I stammer, trying to sound offhand about it.

He's watching me closely. "Oil," he sneers.

I brace myself for the most tooth-jarring, eardrum-popping bitch-slap ever administered, but it never comes. When he beats you up, as he did Chris Tuchscherer, or backs you down, as he's just done me, you cease to exist for Brock Lesnar. He turns toward a photographer. "You want me to look at the camera?" he asks. "Or should I look through it?" ●

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THE BRITISH INVASION

U.K. cover girl of the year, lingerie model, and Brit bombshell Elle Liberachi is set to take the States by sexy storm.

BY JESSE BRUKMAN

"I'm so used to being naked now."

The Heidi Klums and Adriana Limas and baby-claiming Gisele Bündchens of the world have dominated catwalks, advertising, and our eyeballs for the past 10 years. We say it's someone else's turn. Enter Elle Liberachi. The 23-year-old British lingerie model and Guess runway girl embodies everything we love about the great fashion legends who came before her: insanely stunning looks, soulful eyes, and the kindness to happily chat with the schlubs at *Maxim*. Elle, we know we just met, but will you marry us?

SORRY, WE NEED TO ASK: ARE YOU RELATED TO *THE* LIBERACE?

I get asked this all the time! But, no, I am definitely not related to *the* Liberace. I didn't even know who he was when people started asking me. I had to Google him just to figure out what everyone was talking about.

HOW WERE YOU DISCOVERED?

I was at a mall in London when the owner of a modeling agency approached me. A week later I was doing a Guess fashion show. I was so nervous that my mom told me to imagine I was doing ballet instead. That didn't help!

ARE YOU COMFORTABLE BEING PRACTICALLY NAKED IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA?

I'm at ease in my bikini or lingerie. I'm so used to being naked now; if a photographer makes me feel comfortable, I relax. It's important to work with people you can be yourself around.

YOU MUST HAVE BOND-GIRL DREAMS, RIGHT?

It would be amazing to be in such an iconic film series. *Octopussy* made me a fan when I was nine. My favorite Bond girl is Ursula Andress in *Dr. No*. She meant business *and* was beautiful. ●

MISSION; No Pants! Subway Ride
DESCRIPTION: Countless agents ride the New York subway system in Eighty-whities and less.
DATE: Every January

MISSION; Anton Chekhov
DESCRIPTION: The Russian writer signs books at Barnes & Noble, despite dying in 1904.
Date; 2/28/04

MISSION: Even Better Than the Real Thing
DESCRIPTION: Fake U2 perform a rooftop concert.
DATE: 5/21/05

MISSION: Suicide Jumper
DESCRIPTION: Depressed businessman threatens to leap to his death from a four-foot ledge.
DATE: 12/10/05

MISSION: Best Buy
DESCRIPTION: Dozens of agents wearing khakis and blue polos storm a Best Buy.
DATE: 4/08/06

MISSION: Human Mirror
DESCRIPTION: Eight pairs of twins take the subway.
DATE: 4/25/06

The Art of the Prank

From coast to coast, intrepid bands of merrymakers are staging hoaxes, stunts, and practical jokes like never before. Welcome to the Golden Age of the Prank.

BY SPENCER MORGAN ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARE MALLISON

This is for participants only," announces a heavily bundled Charlie Todd through his trusty gray bullhorn. "If you didn't come to take your pants off today, you're in the wrong spot." It's a frigid January afternoon in New York City's Foley Square, and hundreds of fearless pranksters are braving the elements to get together and shed their trousers for the eighth annual "No Pants! Subway Ride."

Todd, a baby-faced 30-year-old from Columbia, South Carolina, is the mastermind behind this gathering, and on his command the assembled crowd scatters for the nearest subway entrances...and collectively drops trou. Even in a city like New York, riding the subways sans pants is a guaranteed eye-opener, and today is no exception: Straphangers stare, chuckle, even take photos. Around 1,200 men and women have come out clad in boxers, briefs, boxer-briefs, and bloomers, not just in New York, but in 21 cities across the globe. ("Three hundred take to the subway—shameless and pantless," the Toronto Sun would inform its readers soberly the next day.) The mission ends with a group of agents celebrating in Union Square, making snow angels, still pantless. Improv Everywhere has struck again. Mission accomplished.

The largest network of pranksters ever assembled, Improv Everywhere is the leading light in what might be called the Golden Age of the Prank. All across America and beyond, groups are gathering to pull off practical jokes, hoaxes, and ruses of all kinds, blurring the line between prank and guerrilla theater, and using the Internet to share their work with audiences far and wide. The prank, of course, has a long and illustrious history going back to...well, Adam and the serpent: "Ha! You actually ate the apple!" Summer camps and college campuses have long been jokesters' playgrounds, while avant-gardists like Marcel Duchamp and the Dadaist movement elevated the prank to an art form. Borat and (coming soon) Bruno have taken squirm-inducing hoaxing to the big screen. But it's the Internet—and groups like Improv Everywhere who have learned how to exploit it—that has been the primary mover in the prank renaissance. More than seven million people have watched the 2009 "No Pants!" clip on YouTube, and copycat groups have sprung up around the world.

"The use of video has spread like crazy, so pranks are getting more and more popular," says CollegeHumor.com's Amir Blumenfeld, whose online "Prank War" series with colleague Streeter Seidell went viral this spring. No group has demonstrated the power of YouTube and the Internet better than *Saturday Night Live*'s masters of the digital short, the Lonely Island. Andy Samberg, Jorma Taccone, and Akiva Schaffer (whose debut album, *Incredibad*, was released in February) got their start by posting their sketches, songs, and goofs on their Web site. "When we started back in 2001, most people's computers weren't fast enough to watch video, but slowly technology caught up," notes Schaffer. Now the group's clips regularly draw millions of viewers online.

While they may not have the muscle of SNL behind them, Improv Everywhere has pulled more than 80 stunts, involving thousands of so-called "agents," resulting in countless headlines and enough TV news spots to fill a season's worth of *Punk'd* episodes. Their own videos have generated more than 55 million views online. But their insidious influence has no doubt infected a far larger audience: Count literally hundreds of Improv Everywhere-inspired groups across the globe, to say nothing of the masses of bewildered, babbling "victims" each prank leaves in its wake. According to legendary prankster Alan Abel—whose Citizens Against Breastfeeding nonprofit group famously con-

demned what they called "an incestuous relationship between mother and baby that manifests an oral addiction leading youngsters to smoke, drink, and even become a homosexual"—"Pretty soon we'll have as many groups pulling pranks as we have church choirs."

As far as Improv Everywhere is concerned, what exactly constitutes a prank is up to the maestro. Charlie Todd moved to Manhattan in the summer of 2001 to become an actor. One night a friend mentioned that he looked like the pop singer Ben Folds. He doesn't, but who the hell knows what Ben Folds really looks like? Todd decided to spend the evening playing the part. His pal teed him up at the next bar: "Hey, aren't you Ben Folds?" "Why, yes, I am!" Next thing he knew, a brace of British babes had surrounded him. The following night: Same shtick, different bar. Shazam! This time the whole place bought it. Photographs, autographs, free drinks. Got some digits, too. Charlie Todd and crew had "caused a scene."

"The next day I was like, Man, I got to do more shit like that," he recalls over dinner at an Indian restaurant. And so he did, documenting each "mission" on what began as a bare-bones Web site he dubbed improveverywhere.com. An avid disciple of '70s performance artist/comedian Andy Kaufman, Todd likes to say the only thing that really sets him apart from other pranksters past and present is that he's a compulsive archivist. Today improveverywhere.com offers more than 70 professional-grade videos, a blog, a DVD, and an FAQ section (in case you become overwhelmed). The write-up of his eureka moment donning the Ben Folds persona is on there. As is the video of him onstage at the Hammerstein Ballroom in November 2006, opening a show for the man himself.

Todd turned to the Internet because he wanted to share a funny story, but he quickly realized its potential to mobilize dormant pranksters. He currently presides over an e-mail list of 22,000 would-be agents, hungry for action, awaiting orders. Such power comes in handy when you want to storm Abercrombie & Fitch with bare-chested men—111 people showed up for that one—or wreak havoc at Best Buy by flooding the place with blue polo shirts and khaki pants. "Thomas Crown Affair! Thomas Crown Affair!" a bewildered manager blurted into her walkie-talkie. The group has fooled a crowd of New Yorkers into believing that U2 was playing a free surprise gig from a midtown roof and convinced shoppers at a local Barnes & Noble that Russian writer Anton Chekhov was giving a reading. Chekhov, of course, died in 1904.

"I've always thought of Improv Everywhere pranks like getting stabbed with an icicle," said Todd Simmons, an aspiring actor and accomplished agent who played the role of a tuxedo-clad bathroom attendant in the men's room of a McDonald's in Times Square. "Once people notice a crime has been committed, all the evidence has evaporated."

It was the simple genius of "Frozen Grand Central" that pushed IE into the international spotlight. More than 200 agents with synchronized watches gathered at the station, and froze, all at the exact same time. They stayed stuck for five minutes. "That's the craziest shit I've ever seen, and I'm a cop," a police officer on duty remarked. The video was posted in January 2008 and almost immediately went viral. More than 16 million people have clicked play. According to Todd, other groups have reprised the gag in 100 cities.

One of Improv Everywhere's guiding principles is that their's are victimless crimes; the goal is to give witnesses a laugh and a story to tell, not to humiliate anyone. Humiliation, however, remains one of the vital components of many a good prank, hoax, or practical joke. Think of Justin Timberlake crying over his foreclosed home on *Punk'd*, or Sarah Palin fooled into answering inane questions from the faux-president of France last fall. No one has done a better job of tapping humiliation's potential than Sacha Baron Cohen, whose willingness to embarrass not only himself, but his victims (and they are victims) has helped make him one of Hollywood's biggest stars. Like Andy Kaufman before him, Baron Cohen goes all-out when he commits to a role. TheSmokingGun.com recently revealed more than two dozen fake production companies he created in order to fool unsuspecting dupes for this summer's Bruno. As Ali G on HBO, he pulled the wool over the eyes of everyone from Pat Buchanan and Newt Gingrich to Noam Chomsky and Boutros Boutros-Ghali.

Mortification was also the key element in College Humor's PrankWar, which started innocently enough, but has since escalated into a nuclear arms race of mutual humiliation. The war reached its apparent culmination in September 2007, when Amir Blumenfeld tricked Streeter Seidell's girlfriend into thinking she had been proposed to via the JumboTron at Yankee Stadium. In front of 50,000 fans, she said yes. The relationship did not survive, but the clip drew more than 800,000 hits on YouTube. ("That was just mean," says Seidell.) To all appearances, that was that, until Seidell got his revenge this spring when Amir was convinced he had won $500,000 for sinking a halftime half-court shot at a University of Maryland basketball game (he didn't). That video was viewed more than a million times.

"Nothing is off-limits," argues Blumenfeld. "I mean, I don't want to ruin anyone's life, but still." (The dark side of pranking emerged in April when two Domino's employees posted a video of them blowing their noses into sandwiches being prepared for delivery. They were fired and ▸▸

Top: Improv Everywhere raids Best Buy.
Above: Sacha Baron Cohen torments America.

Prank Like a Pro

By Charlie Todd

1. Do recon.
Walk the prank zone at the same time and day of the week you intend to pull the mission. It's best not to learn the day of the mission that there's a farmer's market set up in the middle of the park you targeted. (Unless your prank involves charging stupid people $15 for an heirloom tomato.)

2. Get your story straight.
Everyone should know how they'll answer the inevitable question, "What is going on?" (Our Best Buy agents all said, "Just waiting for a friend." (FYI: "I am pulling a prank" would not be a good answer.)

3. Never break character.
The best missions are completely unexplainable. If people spot you high-fiving a half-block away, it ruins the magic. And really, you should never high-five in public under any circumstances.

4. Don't be a total dick.
All Improv Everywhere missions have one thing in common: They seek to make the world a funnier place, if only for a few minutes. Keep it positive. The only tears your pranks should cause are the ones streaming down your parents' faces when you tell them this is what you do for a living.

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now are facing criminal charges for health code violations.)

This is territory Todd does his best to avoid. He is still not entirely comfortable with how far Improv Everywhere pushed the boundaries of human kindness when, in 2004, he came up with the "Best Gig Ever" caper, wherein he called on his growing militia of agents to memorize the lyrics to a randomly selected band's songs, make T-shirts with their name on them, and descend upon their Sunday-night gig. Thirty-five die-hard Ghost of Pasha "fans" turned out to give the no-name band the gig of their dreams. When the band was tipped off to the prank, they were a little bummed out.

That prank came close to breaking with the spirit of IE's missions: causing an authentic scene that gives people an excuse to break out of their ordinary daily routines. This philosophy was put to the test this spring, when IE staged a mission titled "Best Funeral Ever." A variation on "Best Gig Ever," the prank saw Todd and 30 other agents crash the burial of a recently deceased New Yorker. The goal, Todd stated, was to give the dearly departed and his loved ones the awesomest funeral imaginable, but the response was unlike anything Improv Everywhere had seen before. As soon as the video was posted, it was clear from the comments that Todd and company had finally gone too far: "You guys have done some great pranks, but this is just plain fucked-up." "I am ashamed to think that I was actually a fan of yours." "This prank is sick." That night the local WPIX newscast ran a segment on the mission, asking, "Did one local improv group go too far?"

What all of these offended observers failed to notice was the date: April 1. There was no funeral, no mourning family. They were all agents, and the joke was on all of us. Given the date, the whole ruse should have been obvious, but in a follow-up posted April 2, Todd apologized to anyone "fooled into thinking we had lost our minds and done something this horrendous."

Nearly 2,500 people in 22 cities worldwide took part in this year's "No Pants! Subway Ride."

For Todd, whose extravagantly titled book, *Causing a Scene: Extraordinary Pranks in Ordinary Places With Improv Everywhere*, hits shelves this month, the art of the prank, and the motivation behind it, is pretty simple. When he gives lectures at college campuses around the country these days—last September he taught a seminar in Russia—students always hunger for the counterculture message behind his work. "They're like, 'Why? Why? Why?' And they have a hard time accepting the answer: 'It's really fuckin' fun.'" ●

Pranks Across America

From coast to coast, slap-happy groups are putting one over on us.

Zug
zugb.com
HQ: Boston
Best bit: "Senators' Favorite Jokes." An adult posing as a fifth grader sent U.S. senators handwritten letters looking for help with a research project on his favorite jokes. Many responded, some with very bad jokes.

The Newsbreakers
newsbreakers.org
HQ: Rochester, NY
Best bit: "Hijacking Live News Broadcasts." They follow news trucks and then jump around in the background dressed like tigers.

GuerilLA Improv guerillaimprov.com
HQ: Los Angeles
Best bit: "The Strand Race." A finish line, a cheering crowd, water tables, and a media crew were set up in the middle of a jogging path, unbeknownst to the fitness-crazed SoCal joggers just looking for a little exercise.

The Yes Men
theyesmen.org
HQ: USA
Best bit: "The Fake *New York Times*." Distributed 1.2 million copies of a mocked-up *NYT* cover announcing the end of the Iraq War. Dick Cheney did not think this was funny.

RIOT
riothouston.com
HQ: Houston
Best bit: "Real Life Where's Waldo." Agents donned red-and-white-striped shirts, totes, and beanies, then hit a Target pretending to do their normal shopping while a plainclothes agent asked other customers if they had seen his lost friend Waldo.

Boston Society of Spontaneity
bostonsos.org
HQ: Boston
Best bit: "South Station Dominoes." A team of agents took to Beantown's primary rail terminal and then all fell down like, well, dominoes. People tipping over at this station is not a totally uncommon sight.

Scene Diego
scenediego.org
HQ: San Diego
Best bit: "Rocky!" A determined agent runs through the mall in gray sweats. Then another, then another. Will they catch the chicken? "Adrian!"


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STYLE

{SHARPEN YOUR EDGE}

NSF poncho, $345;
Cockpit USA shorts, $89; **American Eagle Outfitters** flip-flops, $15;
TAG Heuer watch, $3,200;
Lost surfboard, $600;
Miansai necklace, $355.

KINGS OF THE ROAD

Beach, mountain, urban jungle—wherever the summer takes you, Maxim is your personal-gear GPS, with essential tips for surviving in style.

BY STEVE GARBARINO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN KLUTCH
STYLING BY WILLIAM BUCKLEY

GROOMING, WILLIAM MURPHY FOR DEFACTO AGENCY

Enter Sandman

With the right stuff, you can make this summer an endless one.

1. Paul Smith towel, $280 2. HUGO Boss towel, $893. Nautica towel, $20 4. Corona six-pack (cooler not included), $8 5. J.Crew suitcase, $1,675 6. Ambsn shirt, $62 7. Sundex swim trunks, $120 8. The Ryde T-shirt, $22 9. DKNY Jeans T-shirt, $29 10. Perry Ellis pants, $79 11. Kidrobot flip-flops, $38 12. Modern Amusement shirt, $50 13. Palmer Cash T-shirt, $194. Ginch Gonch boxer briefs, $30.

Destination: Malibu Beach, CA

■ WHAT TO DRIVE

2009 Suzuki Equator RMZ-4 Pickup ($28,550)
Suzuki's better known for sports bikes, but the brand's first truck is nothing to sniff at. This 261 hp, V-6 powered, Nissan Frontier-based midsize pickup is able to handle anything you wanna bring to even the most far-out beach: It'll haul a boat, stow a Jet Ski, or simply lug a bunch of surfboards in burly 4WD style.

■ WHERE TO STAY

The Malibu Riviera Motel (maliburiviera motel.com)
BYOB (bring your own bedding) to this no-frills, 14-room, circa-1947 surf lodge, where you can park right at your door—and the waves are just down the hill. "Humble Accommodations at a Reasonable Price" says it all. Rack rate: $123. Leave the girlfriend home. She'll call it the Bates Motel at the Beach.

■ WHERE TO EAT

Malibu Seafood Fresh Fish Market and Patio Café (malibuseafood.com)
Fried fish with picnic fixings is their signature—cook it on a bonfire or eat it at a picnic table with a pitcher of beef while watching one of the better surf breaks along the PCH. *Vaya con Dios, brah!*

■ WHERE TO DRINK

Neptune's Net (neptunesnet.com)
Ten miles up the coast from Zuma Beach, this weekend warrior and biker favorite spills out onto the screened-in porches and into the parking lot. Nightly brawls feature a busload of charlies out of central casting. Be cool and no one will bother you. Munchies to boot.

WHERE TO DRINK

Ten miles up the coast from Zuma Beach, this weekend warrior and biker favorite spills out onto the screened-in porches and into the parking lot. Nightly brawls feature a busload of charlies out of central casting. Be cool and no one will bother you. Munchies to boot.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLLIE BLAND

HOW TO:

Build a Bonfire

Looking to cozy up to a little surfer girl? Follow these four simple steps for the ultimate beach blaze.

1 Make a four- to five-foot border ring out of found rocks or pieces of large, soaked driftwood. In the center, dig a pit about two feet deep. Pit location should be closer to shoreline than sand dunes.

2 Lay two 24-inch logs parallel in the center of the pit, leaving a foot between them. Gather dried ocean debris and kindling and pile over crumpled newspaper balls. This is your starter kit.

3 Place six to 10 logs diagonally over the kindling so they are leaning into each other, touching at the top, like a teepee. There should be ample space between each to allow ventilation.

4 Ignite the kindling and newspapers. When the fire is burning steadily and the teepee collapses, add more wood to the center. Begin drinking. Or, if you're the reckless sort, continue drinking.

Urban Legend

Everything you need to hit the city sweets in style.

1. Kidrobot striped shirt, $75
2. Original Penguin Wip Tip polo shirt, $79 3. Rare Man tie-dye V-neck sweater, $204 4. Modern Amusement socks, $20 5. Adidas Originals high-top sneakers, $70 6. L.L. Bean seersucker shorts, $40 7. MCM suitcase, $1,680 8. Paul Smith Accessories fedora, $250 9. Levi's jeans, $54.

L.L. Bean shirt, $75; J.Crew tie, $60; Tokyo Five jeans, $78; Mark Nason driving moos, $175; Stala Classico fedora, $55; Breitling watch, $5,880.

Destination: Savannah, GA

■ WHAT TO DRIVE

2009 Mini Cooper S Convertible ($27,450)

We'll secure enough in our masculinity to tell you there are few cars we'd rather spend a summer night in than the open-top Mini S. That is, if we had a lady friend in the passenger seat. Her eyes will be fixed on the stars as you fling this turbocharged go-kart's 172 horses into submission.

■ WHERE TO STAY

Marshall House (marshallhouse.com)

This sprawling 19th-century red-brick inn is smack-dab in the middle of historic downtown Savannah. Get rooms next to your boys, open up the floor-to-ceiling windows, and have a drink outside on the deck. The downstairs bar is a big pickup scene. Rates start at about $190.

■ WHERE TO EAT

The Olde Pink House and Planter's Tavern (912-232-4286)

Made famous in the Savannah tell-all *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*, this basement tavern is quite a scene when it all gets going. There's no shortage of local color or of fresh fish and steak dishes, which patrons can consume amid dueling fireplaces and pianos on both sides.

■ WHERE TO DRINK

Pinkie Master's (912-238-0447)

Look for the neon PBR sign outside this true dive bar (sometimes called "Stinky Bastard's" by locals), which boasts the cheapest drinks in town. Inside, a classic rock-stocked jukebox and hot young coeds from the Savannah College of Art and Design await. Bottoms up!

So Fresh, So Clean

When you're spending a summer on the open road, proper grooming is a must. After all, the trucker look didn't even work for Ashton Kutcher.

1. The Art of Shaving Lemon Essential Oil Shaving Cream, $22
2. Kiehl's Superbly Restorative Argan Body Lotion, $35
3. Gillette Fusion Power Gamer, $13
4. Axe Fever Shower Gel, $5.50
5. Suki Organic Cleansing Bar, $11
6. True Religion EDT Spray, $59
7. John Allan's Pomade, $25

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Woolrich jacket, $150; **Calvin Klein** henley, $78 and scarf; **G-Star** jeans, $220; **Hunter** boots, $135; **Shimano** fishing rod, $220.

Into the Wild

Tap your inner outdoorsman and get off the grid.

1. L.L. Bean wool vest, $59 **2. Woolrich Woolen Mills** fishing smock with hood, $275 **3. Woolrich Woolen Mills** striped cotton mariner pants, $235 **4. The North Face** backpack, $149 **5. Worn Free** T-shirt, $40 **6. Timberland** shoes, $100 **7. French Connection** T-shirt, $44 **8. Pendleton** blanket, $298.

Destination: Pecos, NM

WHAT TO DRIVE
2009 AEV JK ($TBA)
There's no ride we'd rather take to the mountains this summer than this military-spec off-roader. It's basically a beefed-up Jeep Wrangler with tougher axles, a more robust frame, a higher towing capacity, a 5.7-liter Hemi V-8 engine, and a hood-mounted snorkel, allowing it to drive through 30-inch puddles—or potholes in the White Castle parking lot.

WHERE TO STAY
Val Kilmer's Pecos River Ranch (the pecosriverranch.com)
Yes, it's owned by the erstwhile Doc Holliday, but this is 6,000 acres of awe-inducing wilderness, with pinewood cabins, a fast-moving, well-stocked fly-fishing river, and bison, mountain lions, and bears roaming the grounds. Meals are home-cooked and included in the $200/person/night rate.

WHERE TO EAT
Harry's Roadhouse (505-989-4629)
A comfort-food mecca for tourists and locals alike, this quirky, down-home dive dishes up everything from meat loaf to contemporary Mexican fare. Whether soaking up the sun out back or cozying up inside by the fireplace, you'll feel right at home.

WHERE TO DRINK
Cowgirl BBQ (cowgirlsantafe.com)
This rowdy barbecue pit and pub in downtown Santa Fe has a rautous outdoor patio, where mariachi bands play, pitchers of margaritas are cheap and strong, and Texas-style ribs and heaps of jalapeño nachos keep the fire burning all night. A nice break from the solitude of "the ranch."

Get Framed

It's risky business, picking the right shades. Match your mug with the right style of frame, following this expert advice from Eden Wexler, celebrity frame-fitter, Safilo USA.

HEART-SHAPED
Rectangular frames add balance to a heart-shaped or triangular face and add width below the eye line to offset a narrow or weak chin.

SQUARE
Wayfarers and other round frames help balance square faces, which usually have strong jaw lines, broad foreheads, and wide cheekbones.

ROUND
Metal aviators and other angular frames will narrow a round face, making it appear longer and thinner. Beware "why the long face" jokes.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEASURE-DESIGN.COM

Photography Credits

Polybag: Farrah Leigh Prather/Shutterstock **p.4:** Lilly, Eugene Gologursky/WireImage; *I Love You Man*, ©Dreamworks/courtesy Everett Collection; Hometown Hottie, Kelly Stuart; Wade, Michael Tran/Film Magic; Pujols, Randal C. Modra/Sports Imagery/Getty Images **p.6:** Obama and Biden, Jason Reed/Reuters **p.22:** T-shirts, www.FoulMouthSS.com and www.CafePress.com; John Mayer, Carmen Valdes/Photo Image Press; cruiser, www.JamesPerse.com **p.26:** Lima, Trunk Archive; Rafaeli, Kenneth Willardt/Corbis Outline; Brewster, Naomi Kaltman; Rihanna, Martin Schoeller/AUGUST; Dushku, James White **p.27:** Kunis, Management+Artists; Akerman, Warwick Saint; Hewitt, James White; Wilde, Trunk Archive; Fox, Michael Buckner/Getty Images **p.28** *Women Only* by Stefan May, published by teNeues; **p.28** and **p.29:** Eldridge/Getty Images; pig mask, Image Source/Getty Images **p.32:** Sausages on grill, Steve Estvanik/Big Stock Photo; **p.12:** Willis, Boyd Ivey/Icon SMI/Corbis; sausages, Satoshi; flags, Remi Cauzid/Shutterstock; tea tattoo, Elion J. Schechter/Getty **p.36:** Dog food, Lew Long/Corbis; Don King, Satoshi McCabe/CAMERA PRESS/Retna Ltd.; man in boxers, Blend Images/Alamy; illustration, Robert Dal/Getty Images **p.39:** Terminator, Richard Foreman, courtesy Warner Bros. Pictures **p.40:** *Drag Me To Hell*, Melissa Moseley/Universal Pictures; *The Hangover*, Frank Masi; *Tyson*, courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics; *Taking of Pelham 1 2 3*, Stephen Vaughan, Rico Torres; *Night at the Museum: Battle of the Smithsonian*, Doane Gregory **pp.42–43:** Dave Matthews, Danny Clinch; The Dead Weather, David Swanson; Mike Snow, Magnus Magnusson; Sonic Youth, Michael Schmelling; Dan Aykroyd, Pam Francis/Getty Images **p.49:** Pumpkin, Getty Images.com; cocktail, clown shoes, lock, Alamy **p.56:** Star Wars, Kobal; Lakers, Matt A. Brown/Corbis; Corvette, Car Culture/Corbis; Brian Adams, Neal Preston/Corbis **pp.64–68:** Crab Shack, Savannah Menu.com; swizzles, Getty; straw, Alamy; frozen drink, Alamy; limes, Getty; bachelorette, Alamy; celebrity heads, Getty (7); scepter, Alamy; wand, Alamy; crown, Getty (2); cloak, Getty (2); pirate, Alamy **p.71:** Theron, courtesy Everett Collection; Barrymore, Miramax/courtesy Everett Collection; Johansson, Focus Features/courtesy Everett Collection; Cruz, Weinstein Company/Neal Peters Collection **pp.73–84:** Finger, ZTS/Shutterstock; blue graphic, Anita Shutterstock; tree, Harald Sund/Getty Images; woman, Jan Rewicz/Getty Images; Alexander Frazer, Jordan Strauss/Getty Images; man, Sian Kennedy/Getty Images.com; dart in arm, Getty Images.com; dart, Jeffrey Coolidge **pp.86–90:** Richards' daughters, Kevin Mazur/Getty; Richards, Grant Wilshire/Getty; Rashida Jones, Jordan Strauss/Getty; Quincy Jones, Jim McCrary/Getty; Liv Tyler, Doug Peters/Retna; Steven Tyler, Chris Walter/Getty; Jolie, Gabriel Bouys/Getty; Voight, Ron Galella/Getty **pp.92–98:** Fights, left to right, Jon Kopaloff/Getty, Barry Sweet/AP; Zuma, Marlin Levison/Zuma; Eric Jamison/AP; Obama, Scott Olson/Getty; Osama, AP; Aniston, Jon Kopaloff/Getty; Jolie, Mike Marsland/Getty; O'Reilly, Margaret Norton/AP; Olbermann, Evan Hurd/Corbis; 50 Cent, Frederick M. Brown/Getty; Ross, Bryan Bedder/Getty; Colbert, Amy Sussman/Getty; bear, NGS Collection; Simpson, Neal Peters Griffin Everett Digital Vikings; Tom Dahlin/Getty **pp.102–106:** Best Buy peank, Chad Nicholson; Borat and Brittany Murphy, Jo Hale/Getty Images for MTV; Todd, Chad Nicholson; No Pants! prank, Chad Nicholson; waiter, Corbis Premium RF/Alamy; the Newsbreakers, Brandon Swanson; Rocky, Revolution/MGM/The Kobal Collection/Bramley, John; Where's Waldo prank, Agent Dave of RIOT Houston; Dominoes prank, Eddric Lee for Boston Society of Spectacle **pp.108–112:** Pabst sign, Alamy; pink house, Alamy; Malibu, Getty **p.120:** Ritz Crackers, Paper Giraffe/Alamy; ramen, MultiAd Inc; magazine, Rodolfo Arpia/Alamy; Rorschach blot, Lambert/Getty Images; Charlie Brown, Lee Mendelson Films/The Kobal Collection; *A Clockwork Orange*, courtesy Everett Collection; kitten, Pat Doyle/Corbis; girl, Luis Alvarez/Getty Images; money, Dt Horst/Alamy; George W. Bush (2), Chung Sung Ju/Getty Images and Poon/Getty Images; Timothy Geibner (2), Newscom; Joaquin Phoenix, Newscom

Where to Buy

p.108: NSF poncho, $345, revolveclothing.com; Cockpit USA shorts, $89, cockpitusa.com; American Eagle Outfitters flip-flops, $35, ae.com; TAG Heuer watch, $3,200, tourneau.com; Lost surfboard, $600, [illegible]; **p.109:** Paul Smith towel, $280, paulsmith.co.uk; Hugo Boss towel, $89, 1.800.HUGO.BOSS; Nautica towel, $20, bedbathandbeyond.com; Corona six-pack (cooler not included), $8, delis and liquor stores nationwide; J.Crew suitcase, $1,675, jcrew.com; Ambsn shirt, $62, swell.com; Sunden, 6w, trunks, $120, saks.com; The Ryde T-shirt, $32, palmercash.com; DKNY Jeans T-shirt, $19, select Macy's nationwide; Perry Ellis pants, $79, perryellis.com; Kidrobot flip-flops, $38, kidrobot.com; Modern Amusement shirt, $30, modernamusement.com; Palmer Cash T-shirt, $19, palmercash.com; Ginch Gonch boxer briefs, $30, ginchgonch.com. **p.110:** L.L. Bean shirt, $35, llbean.com; J.Crew tie, $60, jcrew.com; Tokyo Five jeans, $78, tokyojeans.com; Mark Nason driving moc, $475, neimanmarcus.com; Scala classico fedora, $59, saksfifthavenue.com; Breitling watch, $5,880, breitling.com; Kidrobot striped shirt, $75, kidrobot.com; Original Penguin Wip Tip polo shirt, $79, originalpenguin.com; Rare Man tie-dye V-neck sweater, $044, atriumnyc.com; Modern Amusement socks, $20, modernamusement.com; Adidas Originals high-top sneakers, $70, adidas.com; L.L. Bean seersucker shorts, $40, llbean.com; MCM suitcase, $1,680, bloomingdales.com; Paul Smith Accessories fedora, $250, paulsmith.co.uk; Levi's jeans, $54, levi.com. **p.112:** Woolrich jacket, $159, woolrich.com; Calvin Klein henley, $78, calvinklein.com; G-Star jeans, $220, g-star.com; Hunter boots, $135, bloomingdales.com; Shimano fishing rod, $220, gandermountain.com; L.L. Bean wool vest, $50, llbean.com; Woolrich Woolen Mills fishing smock with hood, $175, Barneys, NY; Woolrich Woolen Mills striped cotton mariner pants, $135, Ron Herman, LA; The North Face backpack, $249, thenorthface.com; Worn Free T-shirt, $40, palmercash.com; Timberland Abington boots, $100, timberland.com; French Connection T-shirt, $44, select Macy's nationwide; Pendleton blanket, $298, pendleton-usa.com.

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Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women won't go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible; but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "Apply cream, rub vigorously, increase your size." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would increase his size. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

> **"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."**

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of the male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest shake oil pitchmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.

I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars all holding Extenze and mooning it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprung into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

> **"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."**

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important hormone and is the pro-hormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better than the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more then the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-586-0302. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain.

The Decider:

How much more of this crap can you take?

Discover your mental state as the world crumbles around you.

START HERE

What's your favorite Run DMC album?
A. *Tougher Than Leather*
B. *Raising Hell*
C. DMC's heartbreaking tribute to Jam Master Jay, "I'm Missing My Friend"

Roll up this magazine and whack yourself in the face with it. How does that make you feel?
A. Thank you, Maxim, may I have another?
B. Thank you, Maxim, may I have another?
C. Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Because of your budget, your last meal was:::
A. New York strip, medium-rare. But I skipped the iceberg wedge.
B. Ramen sprinkled with Cheez-Its. Again.
C. Ramen sprinkled with coffee grounds and Tic Tacs. Again.

Complete the sentence: Shit rolls ____.
A. Downhill
B. Downhill, into my front door, covering my wife and children
C. Nowhere! The government wants you to believe it rolls, but the invisible man who lives in my eyebrow told me the truth

What do you see here?
A. A spreading darkness that will soon engulf me. Or a puppy.
B. What I wish I would have done to the HR douche's face when he "let me go."

When you wake up, you sit in your underwear and stare at the wall for ____.
A. Two minutes
B. Five hours, on a good day
C. Five hours, if you swap "stare at wall" for "gnaw pillow open and eat feathers"

Which image sums up how you feel while watching the news?

How many nervous breakdowns have you had?
A. None.
B. Eleventy-nine. Wanna see where I keep my nail clippings?

Hey, stud. Wanna party?
A. You know it!
B. You know it! Just let me go off antidepressants for a few days so I can regain sensation in my genitals.

True or false: You've looked into how much you can make renting your cat.

true

false

How much money did you have invested with Bernie Madoff?
A. Nothing, one of the perks of being poor.
B. Everything. Why, is there some kind of problem with the firm?

As much as you can dish out, brah!
You're dumb and happy. Good for you! Was it massive head trauma or something your mom ate while carrying you?

Oh, God, make it stop!
Yeah, these truly are tough times, homey. In true guy fashion, let our only words of consolation be: "Sucks to be you, bro."

Nickels flapjack toilet water.
O-o-o-kay. We're going to go ahead and back away slowly now. And, no, we don't want to buy that empty Starbucks cup you found.

BY SCOTT JACOBSON

Love Triangle.

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relax responsibly